



## In Memoriam Passings August – September 2024

(YAM Mar-Apr 2025)



**Richard Streit Hamilton** died in a Manhattan hospital on September 29, 2024. Richard entered Yale at 16 and graduated in 1963. He received his Ph.D. in Mathematics from Princeton in 1966. Richard taught mathematics at Cornell University, the University of California at San Diego, and beginning in 1998 at Columbia University. In 1982 Richard published his theory of Ricci flow, a model for understanding how irregular shapes can smooth themselves out, evolving into spheres. Richard hoped that his theory could be used to solve the Poincaré conjecture, which hypothesized that any finite and closed three-dimensional shape could be deformed or stretched into a perfect sphere.

In 2002 a Russian mathematician, Grigori Perelman, proved the Poincaré conjecture with the aid of Richard's theory. Perelman was awarded a \$1 million Millennium Prize for his proof, but refused it on the ground (among others) that Richard should have shared it. Richard received many awards for his work, including the Shaw Prize in 2011. He is survived by his long-time partner, Susan Harris, and by his son Andrew.

**Mike Griffel** writes: "Richard Hamilton was my roommate for all four years of college. He was also an usher at my wedding and a close friend in our early years after Yale. From the start, it was clear that Richard was a mathematical genius, destined for highly significant achievements in his field. His loyalty to me and support of my own endeavors in the field of classical music were unwavering and ever-present, and we shared many moments listening to great recordings in our dorm room. Richard had a wry sense of humor, an abundance of integrity, and a warm heart for the people about whom he cared, and I am proud to have been one of them." **Sutton Keany** remembers: "Dick Hamilton, Mike Griffel, **Phil Pechukas**, and I were roommates for three years. Dick was a mind among minds: startlingly bright, intensely curious, generous, with a wonderful slightly-off-center sense of humor. It was just a toot to have been able to spend four years in his company." **Jack Plotkin** recalls: "In Senior Year I had a class in which Hamilton was a fellow student. Felix Browder (a great teacher, by the way) offered a new course (I believe it was entitled Analytical Methods) that turned out to be a graduate level class in disguise. Hamilton's ability to follow everything and offer suggestions when a lecture hit a speed bump was uncanny."

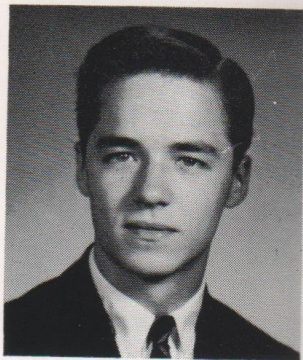


**George Wright Hamlin, IV** passed away peacefully on October 24, 2024 in his home surrounded by family. George graduated from Yale University in 1963 with a degree in physics.

At Yale, he was a member of the Whiffenpoofs. From there, George embraced his love of flying and joined the U.S. Air Force, where he served three tours in Vietnam, completing more than 100 combat missions and receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross, along with ten other medals. George graduated from the University of Virginia Law School in 1973, and practiced for six years with the Rochester, NY firm of Nixon, Hargrave, Devans & Doyle. George took the helm of Canandaigua National Bank & Trust in Canandaigua, NY in 1979, embarking on a 45-year journey that saw the bank grow from \$85

million in assets to \$4.9 billion by 2023. “To put it mildly, my father was larger than life,” said his son Frank Hamlin, III. “He proudly wore his love for the bank on his lapel,” referring to the iconic “I Love My Bank” button that George wore regularly. George is survived by his wife of 58 years, Mary (Morrison) Hamlin; three children, Sherrod Smeenk, Frank Hamlin, and Alex Hamlin; and five grandchildren.

**Tony Elson** recounts: ““George and I became friends through our singing together in the Yale Glee Club and Whiffenpoofs. He was an enthusiastic member of both groups and greatly enjoyed the camaraderie associated with group singing. George regularly took voice lessons in order to develop and further strengthen his voice. This training gave strong support to his becoming a soloist in the Glee Club in our Senior Year.” **Bill Reed** writes: “George and I became good friends early in Freshman Year while we were both ‘rushing’ singing groups. George joined the Bakers Dozen, I the Spizzwinks. We were in the Glee Club together and later, the Whiffenpoofs. George was deeply invested in singing. He sang carefully, accurately, and well. George was very smart, majored in physics, and always had interesting opinions.” **Dan Rowland** recalls: “I talked often with George about his family bank. What I loved and respected about these conversations was that he saw the bank primarily as a community service crucial to each of its communities. George based the whole philosophy of his rapidly growing bank on the very personal relationships and community knowledge of his bankers. When the Whiffs gathered in Vermont to rehearse and sing, George would keep us breathless as he told us about his hair-raising experiences flying over 100 missions over Vietnam, piloting his plane around severe storms and through enemy fire to land safely over and over on the heaving and constricted runway of his aircraft carrier base.” **Gurney Williams** shares: “George did all he could to be with us Whiffs, worked hard and happily to sing well, and showed up at the last Reunion when he could hardly walk (having flown from Canandaigua to Connecticut).” **Lea Pendleton** adds: “My wife and I also rented the little cottage behind George’s lakefront home for summer vacations until we moved to Marblehead in 1978. We spent many nights on his porch enjoying a fire on his beach and looking at the lake along with our kids. He was always a friendly, welcoming guy.”



**Charles Lawrence ("Larry") Irwin** died on September 11, 2024. Larry attended Yale University, graduating with a degree in Economics in 1963. He founded Irwin Alloys and Raw Materials, trading in ferro-alloys, scrap, and coal. With the decline of the steel industry, he joined Veka Inc. as President. He retired in 2002 and moved to Brays Island in Sheldon, SC, where he enjoyed hunting with his German Shorthaired Pointers, shooting sporting clays, trapping, fishing, and golfing. Larry also thoroughly enjoyed his four hunting trips to Africa. He is survived by his wife, Daphne (Johnsie) Irwin; his son, Charles Irwin; his daughter, Alison Lally; four grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.



**Gordon Iverson Kuster, M.D.** died of pancreatic cancer on September 24, 2024 in Pittsfield, MA. He graduated from Yale in 1963, and from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1967. He completed his residency at Harlem Hospital and Yale New Haven Hospital. Gordon's professional life was rooted in his 37 years at Griffin Hospital in Derby, CT as a physician practicing psychiatric medicine. For 13 of those years he was Chairman of the Psychiatry Department. In addition, he supervised psychiatric residents and medical students at Yale for over 25 years, and consulted at York Correctional Facility as a court-appointed Special Master for 23 years. While in college, Gordon was proud to row on Yale's Varsity Heavyweight Crew, and after his medical training he returned to his love of rowing.

He joined the New Haven Rowing Club where he competed in the Masters Division at national and international venues for 28 years. In December 1964, Gordon married Sandra Senftleben, and their Orange, CT home became the central point for hosting many Yale/Harvard tailgating parties. Gordon was an avid audiophile and loved all types of music from Bach to Bruce Springsteen, but he particularly appreciated classical music. When he and Sandi were not at home, they often could be found traveling the world to explore museums, landmarks, and concert halls. Gordon is survived by his wife of 60 years, Sandra Kuster; his children, Cheryl K. Clarke and Steve Kuster; and five grandchildren.

**Ted Murray** shares: "Gordon and I were roommates with **Bill Sanford** and **Jack Smart** in Pierson for two years. I also rowed on heavyweight crew with Bill and Gordon. I remember that in the varsity crew, because of his size and strength, Gordon typically rowed in the #5 or #7 seat, that portion of the shell known as the "engine room." But for all his imposing size, Gordon was a gentle giant: one of the most compassionate and sensitive classmates I knew, a wonderful and thoughtful person to talk with, and perfectly suited for his subsequent career in psychiatry. In recent months when I visited Gordon and Sandi, even as he bravely faced his illness, he was a radiant presence of thoughtful and

uplifting conversation.” **Craig Cooper** recalls: “Gordon was my confidante. I trusted him, respected him and loved him as a brother. Gordon was great fun, optimistic, kind, and the adult in the room when necessary. Those who knew him benefited greatly.” **Tom Iezzi** writes: “Gordon and Sandi were our neighbors when we lived in Orange, Ct in the 1970’s. They were great hosts at our football tailgates and the after-game parties at their home. Gordon and I were tennis doubles partners and singles players. He was respected for his wicked first serve, which required standing back a foot or two behind the base line. When we played I looked forward to his second serve, more relaxed and one I could return.” **Jay Rixse** remembers: “Gordon was a kind and giving person. Gordon and I first met as members of the Freshman Heavyweight Crew. Gordon amazed us Freshman Year by his growth spurt of 4 inches and about 25 pounds. Our friendship grew as we all continued our years together with the Varsity Crew and in Pierson. We all kept in touch throughout the years. Friendships born at Yale last!”



**Robert Anthony Rosati, M.D.** passed away on July 23, 2024. He graduated from Yale University with a Bachelor of Science in Biochemistry and Duke Medical School, where he joined the faculty in 1971. There he served as the first director of the Duke Databank for Cardiovascular Disease, one of the first efforts in the country to use computers to manage and investigate data on patient outcomes. In 1991 he became director of the Rice Diet Program, convinced by his experience with the database that diet was the most effective treatment for cardiac disease. Robert is survived by his wife Kitty, his children Francesco, Ken, and Robbin, and five grandchildren.

**Doug Dick** remembers Bob Rosati as follows: “Bob was my suitemate for four years. He was very smart, and was happy to share his knowledge. I particularly remember borrowing some of his class notes for a course we were taking in nonparametric statistics. I not only passed it, but did well, because of those notes! Bob had a fun, droll, sense of humor. After Yale, we lost touch with each other for a long time. But fortunately we reconnected, and more recently had dinner, along with his lovely wife Kitty, at their home in Durham. We had planned to get together again, but waited too long.” **Geoff Martin** writes: “I greatly admired the way that Bob handled things I did not. He was an athlete way beyond me. His sense of humor was way beyond mine, but I could keep up. Bob was brainy, for sure, and I rarely forgot how he carried it into strong success with people in need.”



**John Harman Sterne** passed away on May 19, 2024 at Cape Cod Hospital. John lived in many places, residing for the longest times in the Boston area, the Washington, DC area, and Brewster, MA, to which he retired some 20 years ago. He was a proud Veteran, having served in the Navy as a supply officer on the USS Caloosahatchee after graduating from Yale University. After his time in the Navy, John spent the rest of his professional career in the aviation industry. He was a lifelong sailor and enjoyed taking his beloved Beetle Cat “Magical” out on Cape Cod Bay off the beaches at Brewster, and then in the last few years out to Pleasant Bay from Arey’s Pond. John is survived by his wife, Gail Binney Sterne; two sons, a stepdaughter, and a stepson; four grandchildren; and four step-grandchildren.

**Dick Ahlborn** remembers: “John and I were classmates at Kent and roommates at Yale. To expand on his lifelong love of aviation: John got his first private pilot's license at 16 and his instrument rating a couple of years after that. While we were at Yale he took acrobatic lessons at a dirtstrip outfit north of New Haven in an old Stearman Biplane – a cloth model with a huge radial piston engine in the front, with all the power needed to do loops, rolls, even hammerhead stalls. After he was allowed to solo, I went up with him and loved the thrills he provided. Our last flight ended with his clipping the top few feet out of a poplar tree just before landing, which (riding in the front seat) I only realized when I saw twigs and leaves in the wire struts that connected the wings. That was the last time he was welcomed at that location and marked the end of our aerial outings. John was a great guy to have as a friend and roommate.” **Victor Sheronas** writes: j “John and I both went to The Haverford School until we went away to boarding school. During grade school, John was my best friend; whenever I could, I'd ride my bike nearly two hilly miles to his house. Like Dick Ahlborn, I also took a flight with John. Unlike Dick, there were no acrobatics!”



**John A. Tyler** passed away on passed away on September 20, 2024 with his loving family at his side. John received an Accounting Degree from Bentley University in 1961 and a Bachelor's Degree from Yale in Economics in 1963. In 1968 John passed the CPA exam and began a successful career as an accountant. He worked for various firms and managed the Boston office of Laventhol, Krekstein, Horwath & Horwath. John realized his dream of running his own business by founding an accounting firm in Cambridge, MA in 1976. John was known for his abundant generosity, as well as his passion for reading, genealogy, and history. He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Judith (Cirello) Tyler; his daughters, Lola (Laura) Tyler Eck and Elisabeth Tyler de Vries; his son, Robert Tyler; and five grandchildren.





**H. F. (“Frank”) Wentholt** died suddenly at his home on September 25, 2024. He departed without fanfare, sentimentality, or fuss. Frank attended Yale University (1963) and Hastings School of Law (1970). For many years he worked as a lawyer at his Redwood City based law firm (Wilhelm, Thompson, Wentholt, and Gibbs), with a specialty in family law. He was proud also to have served in the U.S. Marine Corps. At heart Frank was a sailor, and he spent his most cherished times sailing not only on San Francisco Bay but around the world in his own boat and charters. He loved to travel and reflected back often on his travels throughout the world. Frank is survived by his long-time partner, Suzanne Fouts; his loving daughters, Christine Quinn and Nicola Wentholt; and four grandchildren.

**Rick Holloway** recalls: “Frank was usually cheerful, had a wry sense of humor, and was always up for an adventure. One, in particular, comes to mind. We had driven up to Putney VT to stay with one of his former teachers in order to spend the weekend skiing. At about 2:00 AM, Frank woke me up to say that his host’s wife was about to give birth and since his host’s car wouldn’t start, we would have to drive our host’s wife to the hospital in Brattleboro. It was quite a drive; snow was falling heavily, the wife was alternately moaning and shrieking, her husband was frantic, but Frank, calm as ever, seemed very much amused by the situation. I imagine he would have remained so even if we had to undertake an emergency delivery in the car.” **Carlyle Hall** adds: “I recall Frank as quiet, thoughtful, kind, and strong. He invariably had his own interesting ‘take’ on current personal and public events.” **Nelson Luria** writes: “Frank loved music and the sound of his record player emerged regularly from his room. He had a wide range of curiosities and interests. Frank loved good wine and a bottle was often open in his room. Frank was unusually loyal to a relatively small group of friends and delighted in talking with them, sometimes arguing to elicit conversation.”

**Guy Miller Struve**, Secretary

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**In Memoriam Passings August – September 2024  
(YAM Jan-Feb 2025)**



**James David Biles III, M.D.** died peacefully at home in Annapolis, MD on September 12, 2024 after a long and valiant battle with cancer. A fourth-generation physician, Jim was a graduate of Yale University (B.A.), Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons (M.D.), and completed his Surgical Internship at Charity Hospital, Tulane University and his Residency at The Brady Urological Institute, Johns Hopkins Hospital. He was accepted into the American Urological Association and was a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He served two years active duty as an Army Major at Edgewood Arsenal conducting research before becoming one of the founding partners of Anne Arundel Urology, practicing at both Anne Arundel Medical Center, now

Luminis Health, and Baltimore Washington Hospital. He held an Instructor appointment at Johns Hopkins Hospital and was also elected President of the AAMC Medical Staff, serving on several hospital boards. Jim absolutely loved practicing medicine, specializing in urologic cancers, and faithfully served the needs of his patients for 41 years. Jim's other great passions in life were sailing and his family. A self-taught sailor, he grew up racing Snipes on the TVA lakes and continued racing collegiately, helping to establish Yale racing as a varsity sport. He settled in Annapolis so he could continue racing on the Chesapeake Bay. He competed in international 14's and J 24's his entire life, even after becoming handicapped. He was Governor of the J 24 fleet and helped to establish the East Coast Championships in Annapolis. His wife and children share his love of sailing and cruised the Caribbean with him and crewed for him in the J 24 in local regattas, Midwinters, East Coasts, and North American championships. Jim was also very devoted to his family, spending many happy and involved hours with them and their friends as they grew up. He loved dancing with Brenda, played the piano and guitar, and enjoyed reading and lively intellectual discussions. Jim leaves behind his wife of 44 years, Brenda Lee Catterton, three children, James IV, Lindsey, and Michael, and six grandchildren.

Ian Robertson remembers: "Jimmy Biles was a member of the 1959 Bullpups, who included everyone who tried out for Freshman Football. He had a fulfilling medical career as one of our country's most gifted urologists. In 2019 he attended our '59



Bullpup memorial for Jerry Kenney. Jimmy was on crutches. He had developed two kinds of cancer, one in his rib cage that required removal of ribs on his right side, and another that caused the loss of the use of his right leg. Jimmy paid little attention to his 'disability.' In 2020, Mimi Head invited Jimmy, his wife Brenda, and me to spend ten days in her glorious home in St. Barth's. Jimmy was unfazed by the precipitous stairs that accessed Mimi's home, or the sand he had to cross to get into the ocean. We became fast friends, frequently sharing long phone calls. Then in 2021 Jimmy told me his cancer had returned. This time little could be done. Jimmy was able to participate in at least two trials. The trials slowed the growth of cancer but came with nasty side effects. He still swam, sailed and laughed. But about a year ago he needed a scan. He told the technicians to be careful because he had a very fragile back. Despite the warning, they dropped him. Jimmy was paralyzed from the chest down. Our calls continued. You would never know that the bright, laughing man on the phone was heavily medicated and unable to walk or even turn over. Jimmy wrote: 'I still live each day to its fullest, very happy to still be here, and not dwelling on the end.'" Complete versions of Ian's remembrance of Jim (illustrated in Ian's inimitable style) and of Jim's autobiography can be viewed in the In Memoriam section of the Class Website. Victor Sheronas writes: "Jim's eternal upbeatness was both infectious and uplifting. He always took my call; he always answered the phone himself; he was always laughing and upbeat; his mind was always sharp; he always wanted to engage in meaningful conversations; he never complained about his limitations; I always felt better for after talking to him. All this while essentially paralyzed in bed. He never lost his joie de vivre; he set the bar incredibly high." Phil Stevens recalls: "Jim was a dedicated brother in Beta Theta Pi, where he was Chairman of the house one year, and pledge trainer another. I loved his Memphis drawl, and his great wide smile and good humor."



**Alan Bruce "Sky" Magary** died of natural causes at his home in Litchfield, CT on September 28, 2024. Magary was nicknamed "Sky" by his mother shortly after his birth in Elgin, IL on September 20, 1942. After graduating from Phillips Exeter Academy (1959), Yale University (1963), and Harvard Business School (1967), Magary would more than live up to his nickname by embarking on a career that took him from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Pan Am Airways, Hyatt Hotels, and finally Republic/Northwest Airlines. It was at Northwest that Magary, as Vice President of the airline's Marketing Department, implemented the first domestic smoking ban that any airline had ever attempted in North America. Despite fierce opposition from the tobacco lobby, the ban proved to be a historic success, with other airlines soon instituting bans of their own, and the U.S. government codifying the ban as law in 1990.

Magary also had footrests installed in front of every seat on Northwest flights. Airlines had never been so accommodating to all of their passengers, and perhaps never will be again. After a change in Northwest's ownership, Magary left the airline in 1991 and retired to Litchfield, CT, where he remained for the next 33 years, playing golf (as best he could) and collecting vintage railroad timetables. He was a contented man, and ended his life that way, surrounded by his wife and kids, and loved by them forever. Magary is survived by his wife of 60 years, Susan, along with their three children, Alexander, Amanda, and Andrew, and eight grandchildren.

Phil Stevens writes: "I roomed with Sky and Ross Mackenzie our Sophomore Year in Branford. Discomfort with their ultra-conservative politics ended that relationship, but I traveled for three months throughout Europe with Sky in the summer of 1961, a fantastic trip, and he and I remained good friends. On that trip he added to his cherished collection of railroad timetables, which was assessed as unique and valuable by Yale's rare book specialists. I remember him as cheerful and outgoing, very smart, and a great travel companion." Guy Struve adds: "Sky and I ran across each other in various conservative groups at Yale. Sky had an eagle eye for unfounded statements and lapses in logic, and I learned to think things through carefully before saying them to him."



**Steven Lawrence Miller** passed quietly on August 17, 2024 after a short illness. Steve was a graduate of Yale University where he was a resident of Saybrook College and later of the newly-established Morse College. Steve attended Duke Law School, graduating in 1966. He then joined the United States Navy JAG Corps, being stationed in Newport, RI, Philadelphia, PA, and Pearl Harbor, HI, where he served until 1972, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. After the military, Steve moved with his family to South Charleston, WV, where he practiced admiralty law and litigation for the Charleston law firm of Kay Casto & Chaney and later struck out on his own, establishing the law firm Steven L. Miller and Associates in Cross Lanes, WV, where he practiced litigation and bankruptcy law until the early 2000s. Steve also served a term as City Attorney for South Charleston, WV and was active in West Virginia politics. Steve loved his children and grandchildren and relished telling them stories about practicing law. He also chronicled the life and adventures of a beloved character, Oscar the Pig, which were stories that his children and grandchildren always preferred to the stories about practicing law. Steve is survived by his children, Glenn Steven Miller, Dr. Hilary Sarah Miller Jones, and Gregory Lawrence Miller, and nine grandchildren.



**Richard E. Sampliner, M.D.** died on August 17, 2024. He left behind a stellar list of accomplishments. By far the one he was most proud of was his family: his wife of 58 years, Linda, his sons Rob and Steve, and his grandson Gabe. His marriage was one of love, adventure, laughter and tears, and a true sense of shared partnership. Dick's contribution to the field of gastroenterology endures. He was known and respected internationally. His pioneering work in eradicating premalignant lesions of the esophagus revolutionized the prevention and treatment of soft tissue cancers throughout the body. He was honored with many awards throughout his career. He considered the success of his trainees his most important professional

accomplishment. Colleagues, family, friends and neighbors will remember him for his zany sense of humor, his dedication to his craft, his exceptional brilliance, his unfailing curiosity, and his profound love for his family.

Joe Alpert writes: "I remember Richard well both when we were at Yale and during many years when we worked together at the University of Arizona College of Medicine. Dick was smart, energetic, and calm under stressful situations. He was Professor of Medicine and formerly headed the Gastroenterology Section in the Department of Medicine. I am sorry he is gone and saddened by his suffering." John Impert remembers: "Dick was my assigned roommate Freshman Year, and we chose to remain together during my three years in New Haven. Although Dick was from Cleveland and I grew up in rural upstate New York, our fathers were both physicians, and we had enjoyed similar upbringings and parental expectations. Dick's father had decreed that while he would pay for college at Yale, he expected his sons to come back and live at home while medical students at nearby Case-Western Reserve Medical School. Dick complied, but then 'escaped' with Linda to treat patients, teach, and do research in the Southwest. Dick was a no-nonsense student at Yale, studying hard while eschewing extracurricular activities. Dick mostly deferred dating to medical school, and he married Linda as soon as feasible after graduation. It was clear to me that Dick remained deeply in love with Linda all his life." Bill Kramer shares: "The group in Vanderbilt 2 saw a lot of the groups in Vanderbilt 1 and 3 which was Dick's suite. My memories of Dick, whom we called 'Sampliner,' all revolved around his laugh and big smile. I lost track of Dick after graduation, although I would see him at Reunions, still smiling." Mike Smith recalls: "I had the good fortune to be a suitemate with Dick for four years, first in Vanderbilt and then in Pierson college. His determination to acquire knowledge and his study habits were an inspiration to me. That I was able to navigate the intellectual challenges at Yale was in great measure due to Dick's example. I lost contact with Dick after graduation until we reunited in Tucson some years ago. At that

time he had been diagnosed with early-onset Alzheimer's disease. It was fascinating to listen to him describe the difficulties in making the diagnosis. When I met with him he had no discernible cognitive impairment. We met for two years in a row and then the third year he didn't show for lunch. I later received an email saying that he had forgotten." Neil Thompson writes: "I knew Dick Sampliner starting in 1952 as a classmate in the sixth grade at University School in Cleveland. He was very bright and a prodigious worker. I always liked and had a very high regard for him."



**Richard Tobin Thieriot** was born into the newspaper profession, and he loved it. His great-grandfather cofounded the San Francisco Chronicle in 1865, he learned the business from the time he could write, and the day before he died of natural causes in his sleep on September 27, 2024, he was working hard in his office. In his 82 years of life, Thieriot was also many other things: an environmentalist, a rancher, a farmer, a combat Marine, a wrestler on his college team at Yale. But it was all rooted in that ink-stained trade his family blessed him with, and when he ran the San Francisco Chronicle as editor and publisher from the late 1970s to the early 1990s, he left his imprint on every corner. "My father was an editor in every way," said his daughter, Justine Thieriot. "He loved editing, loved books, loved words, and he cared a lot about having things done well. Sometimes you'd even tell him a joke and he'd say, 'Hmmm, you might try that a different way.' Thieriot worked with state and federal agencies to place most of the family's 17,000-acre Llano Seco Ranch in Butte County – in the family since 1861 – in conservation easements to preserve the natural habitat there. 'The ranch was his passion,' said his daughter Justine. Thieriot was an avid duck hunter, 'and he was a good shot, but shooting the ducks wasn't what it was all about,' she said. 'He mostly just loved being out in that beautiful place that he loved.' After earning a bachelor's degree in English at Yale University, Thieriot served in the Marine Corps from 1964 to 1967, doing combat duty in Vietnam. After being honorable discharged as a captain, he earned an M.B.A. degree at Stanford University and began working at the Chronicle. Thieriot is survived by his wife, Angie Thieriot; their five children, J.P., Simon, Charlie, Richard, and Justine; and nine grandchildren.

John Lahr writes: "Richard Thieriot, my pug-nosed pal and roommate throughout my Yale years, died in his sleep on September 27. I loved him. I tweaked his grumpy cheeks. Between his college years and his old age, Dick's solid outline remained more or less the same. He was built like The Little King: solid, portly (always hitching up those charcoal grey slacks), with his tortoise shell eyeglasses propped up on top of his

shiny bald pate, looking out at the world with beady stoic amusement. Dick's reserve was part of his authority and his allure. His guarded soul was hard to fetch but the detachment made him compelling. (Even though he was neither an outstanding athlete or scholar he was selected for Book and Snake). Dick was by turns impish, grave, stubborn, and charming. Very charming. His combination of gravity and hilarity were irresistible. Dick was some kind of Princeling, the scion of one of San Francisco's first families, who went on to be editor and publisher of The San Francisco Chronicle. He wore his power and his pedigree lightly. Under the shellac of his conservative persona (the tie, Brooks Brothers jackets, grey flannels were his never-changing mufti), he had a rollicking side. Once, as undergraduates, coming out of the Plaza in New York, juiced on too many Tika Pooka Pookas at Trader Vic's, Dick hijacked the horse and buggy across the street and, with me riding shotgun, galloped through Central Park until the driver of the buggy caught up with us in a taxi near the Metropolitan Museum. Dick had spent an four years as officer in the Marine Corps. He'd seen action. He was slow to anger but he could be a hard-ass. His sternness, however, hid a tenderness, even a fragility, which he rarely showed the world. Once, staying with him in San Francisco, I came downstairs to find Dick in his blue boxer shorts, a cigarette dangling from his lips, spoon in his hand, stooping over high chairs of his two baby sons and feeding them eggs benedict. Dick lived like a pasha. He shuttled between his ranch in Chico, where latterly he was trying to farm walnut trees not cattle; his trout stream in Oregon, where he roamed his domain on a trike and smoked cigars while he fly fished; and a house in Punta Dela Este, Uruguay. I knew him in all these places, but the place where he lives for me is in rooms in Branford. He is my Yale. We were witnesses to each other's beginnings and to a fellowship which, despite the separation of continents, never lost its amperage. God, he was a great guy."

Jon Larson remembers Dick Thieriot as follows: "I met Dick on the Old Campus Freshman Year as he was part of the West Coast contingent of San Francisco Bay Area classmates I associated with naturally including Bill Robbins and Peter de Bretteville. If I had to describe Dick in a single word, to me he epitomized the word 'affable'. He was always pleasantly easy to approach and to talk to; friendly; cordial; warmly polite: and a courteous gentleman. Karen and I would on occasion run into Dick and his ever gracious lifetime partner Angie in the lobbies of the San Francisco Ballet, Opera, and theatre." Phil Stevens writes: "Five guys shared a Branford suite right under Harkness Tower. Just two remain. We have lost Johnny Bowen, Jerry Stevens, and now Dick Thieriot. I knew Dick the least; we had little contact after graduation. But I admired and respected him; he was serious, and true, and had a quick sense of humor and a ready laugh."



**Ridgway M. Hall, Jr.** died on October 20, 2023. Ridge was a pioneer in the field of environmental law. After graduating from Yale College magna cum laude (1963) and from Harvard Law School (1966), Ridge began his legal career with Cummings & Lockwood in Stamford, CT, and later served as Associate General Counsel for Water at the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. He was a founding partner of Crowell & Moring in Washington, DC, where he started the environmental law practice in 1979. Ridge was an officer of the Environmental Law Institute, a member of The American Law Institute and The American College of Environmental Lawyers, and repeatedly named one of the top lawyers in the field. After retiring in 2011, he became Vice Chair of the Chesapeake Legal Alliance, where he helped to create a network of lawyers to handle on a pro bono basis cases relating to the protection and restoration of the Chesapeake Bay, its watershed, and its natural resources. Ridge was a former World Champion in Blue Jay class sailboats and a finalist in the U.S. Olympic Trials sailing in the Finn Class in 1968. He is survived by his wife, Anne (Jill) Harken Hall, their three children Ridgway (Taddy), Alden, and Anne, and four grandchildren.

**Bob Dickie** writes: “Ridge and Jill, often with their children and grandchildren, traveled widely and often vigorously. They had recently returned from a visit to California that included four or five days of rigorous but lovely hikes in the hills behind the Big Sur. A few days after they got home Ridge got up one morning, went to their kitchen to make coffee, passed out so quickly that he couldn’t break his fall, and landed hard on his head. Jill got him quickly to a hospital, but the doctors even in surgery were unable to stop the bleeding. Ridge was a man of instinctive magnanimity. His world view is well articulated in the words he wrote in our 60th Reunion Class Book: ‘Let’s do what we can while we can.’ Amen.” **Geordie du Pont** recalls: “I first met Ridge in Jeremiah Crump’s Freshman English class. When called on to read aloud, Ridge used the same strong voice that served him well as the public announcer for Yale Polo, on the racecourse for Yale Sailing, and cheering for Yale Hockey. After Yale his powerful voice was useful as an acting sergeant in the Army Reserve, yelling “track” while bombing down a ski slope, in the courtroom, and advocating for his team in the charades contests we enjoyed when our families met over Yale football weekends. We were godfathers of each other’s



oldest sons and the Halls boarded our son when he was a Summer intern in Washington. A pick-up game of soccer in 95-degree heat and 100% Washington humidity was the Hall family's idea of fun. Ridge was a world-class sailor who put aside glory to help our family around the racecourse." **Jon Rose** adds: "I have gotten to know one of Ridge's grandchildren, his grandson Khuan – a Junior at Yale and a talented city editor for the Yale Daily News." **Charlie Yonkers** shares: "At our 60th Reunion in May, it was great to spend so much time with Ridge and Jill, so full of life and adventure . . . just as we all have always known him and them as a couple. All of Ridge's world-class warm and energetic traits were on full display. From Yale days, to Harvard Law, to DC law firm life, and then to the Chesapeake Bay, we shared so many rich topics with Ridge and then Jill. One unique relationship Ridge and I shared was a common heritage in the two law firms that FDR's Attorney General Homer Cummings founded, one in Connecticut and one in DC. Also, it was great to see Ridge's great love and work for the health of life on the Chesapeake Bay, something we shared in later life. I treasure the length and breadth of memories with him, and then to have last seen him so robust and vital helps too."



**William E. Johnson** died recently in Arizona. **Bob**

**Dickie** and **Dick Foster** write: “Bill was one of the extraordinary guys in our Class and was blessed with a quick mind, a fabulous wit, and a generous spirit. No one was more fun to spend a time with including weekends at his parents’ penthouse on East 72nd Street that were a barrel of fun. Bill was also unusually strong and skilled. He stroked our freshman heavyweight crew to a great year. During Junior Year he met the lovely and delightful Barbara Gnieser of

Goteborg, Sweden, and they married in June 1962. Barbara produced their son Tom, named after his Yale roommate and friend, Tom Tilson. Having been in Yale's Army ROTC, Bill spent the two years after Yale stationed in Europe. He then went to the Harvard Business School, where he was a Baker Scholar, and went from there to McKinsey. While at McKinsey, Bill was called in to lead a team advising General Electric. Reginald Jones, the then CEO of General Electric, realized that GE's complexity was limiting its growth. Jones hired McKinsey to find solutions and Bill, then about age 35, was put in charge of the team of some 15 to handle the task. All but one of McKinsey’s suggestions were adopted. For years afterwards Harvard Business School cases were taught about the restructuring of GE. Soon after finishing his work at GE, Bill left to become CEO of Scientific Atlanta, a then small medical products company which, under Bill's leadership grew to become an industry leader. Bill had drive, charisma, warmth, exceptional intelligence, good looks, presence, and charm.”



**Richard Eugene Moser** passed away on October 22, 2023. In early October he discovered he had advanced cancer that was found to be untreatable. He died peacefully at home with his wife and family by his side. Dick came to Yale on a Navy ROTC scholarship and majored in Psychology. His NROTC training earned him a commission in the Marine Corps when he graduated from Yale. Dick became a helicopter pilot and flew over 600 combat missions in the Vietnam War, earning the Distinguished Flying Cross and 33 awards of the Air Medal. After

Vietnam, Dick was assigned to fly Marine One, the Presidential helicopter, and transported Presidents Johnson and Nixon to various locations around the world. When Dick left the Marine Corps in 1968 he earned an MBA degree from Stanford and spent the rest of his career in California, working at a large conglomerate for 11 years and then moving into the venture capital world, where he spent the next 40 years working with a wide spectrum of technology companies as an investor consultant, director, and CEO. One of Dick's favorite pastimes was choral singing which he enjoyed through his high school years, his Yale years in the Glee Club, and in Bay Area choral groups. He is survived by his wife of almost 31 years, Donna, his four children, and seven grandchildren. His years at Yale meant a great deal to him and he faithfully attended as many Reunions as possible in which he enjoyed reconnecting with his classmates and their significant others – a brotherhood that stayed with him throughout the passing years.

**John Hagedorn** writes: "I first met Dick when we were both in the Yale Freshman Glee Club in 1959-1960. I gained joy and pride from hearing Dick sing with his volunteer group at the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts. I enjoyed a number of Yale '63 Class lunches that Dick hosted at the Marines' Memorial Club in San Francisco." **Jon Larson** shares: "Dick was one of the giants among us I discovered after our 25th Reunion. He was a proud Captain in the US Marine Corps. As a helicopter pilot he earned many medals in recognition for his brave achievements in Vietnam flying medevac missions into active war zones. After earning an MBA from Stanford Business School, he soldiered on through a number of career changes in the Bay Area, where he enjoyed the challenges of

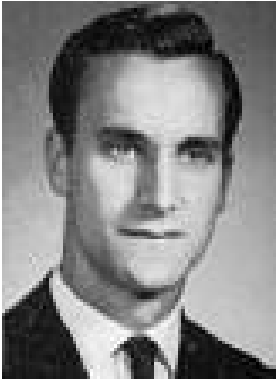
helping small businesses get funding and support to be successful. Most recently he started his own business, hiring and managing 50 employees and as many trucks to make 40,000 deliveries a day to Bay Area customers of Amazon. His most enjoyable times were spent with Donna in their beautiful home north of San Francisco.” **Victor Sheronas** writes: “I got to know Dick though our Class Reunions, regrettably, not as an undergrad. I was stunned to learn of his passing because we had had a lively and intense Saturday lunchtime conversation during our last Reunion, under the tent just outside the entrance to Davenport’s dining room. Dick’s daughter Leigh shared this remembrance of her father: ‘He has always been there for me. But there is one picture that sums it all up. I did a race in the Marin Headlands in May 2009 that should have taken me about 10 hours. The rain started before the race started, then the winds picked up to about 70 mph on the bluffs, the trails turned to puddles of mud. Dad was my crew person who met me at every aid station to feed me and put warm dry layers on me. He wasn’t going to quit and neither was I. It was about a 16-hour day in the worst conditions. I started in the dark and finished in the dark.’”



**James Lewis Axtell** died on August 28, 2023. Jim graduated from Yale in 1963 and earned a Ph.D. in History from Cambridge University in 1967. Athletics played a large role in his college years. Jim set records in track both at Yale and at Cambridge. He was chosen for the All-England university basketball team after being the top scorer on the Cambridge varsity for two years. Jim later claimed that he finished his Ph.D. dissertation in only two years so that he could return to the U.S. without having to guard first team All-American and Rhodes Scholar Bill Bradley on the Oxford team the following year. After teaching at Yale, Sarah Lawrence, and Northwestern, in 1978 he became Professor of History at the College of William and Mary, where he remained for 30 years of distinguished service. Jim was a prolific and multi-faceted scholar, at home in colonial American history, Native American history, and the history of higher education. He wrote a 650-page history of *The Making of Princeton University* and a major work on ethnohistory, *The Invasion Within: The Contest of Cultures in Colonial North America*. Jim was predeceased by his beloved wife and best friend of 61 years, Susan Hallas Axtell. He is survived by his two sons Nathaniel and Jeremy and two grandchildren.

**Doug Allen** remembers: “At a special track and field reunion celebration at the Yale Club in New York, it was emphasized that 1959-1964 was the high point in the history of Yale track and field. Jim’s contributions were outstanding. I recall that he set Yale records in the long jump and in the triple jump. After our graduation in 1963, he went to Cambridge University, where he set Cambridge and U.K. jumping records that stood for decades. That a classmate so healthy and so productive has died reminds me of our mortality and how grateful I am for our many years of meaningful experiences.” **Kip Clark** writes: “In our Sophomore Year, Jim and I lived in Silliman College where we became good friends and History Majors. During Senior Year, while writing our senior theses, we stumbled on unpublished photographs in the Yale Manuscript Division in our different fields. Jim had worked in a darkroom earlier and he suggested that we spend a day in the Silliman darkroom developing full-page copies for our theses. To our surprise, both our theses won departmental prizes. After graduation, I often saw Jim at National History Conferences. He was a remarkably gifted

historian and one of the leading scholars in the emerging field of Native American history.” **Hank Hallas** recalls: “Jim was a hard working scholar and athlete. He set a high standard. He dated Susan Hallas (no relative) at Wellesley College and I dated my first wife, Susan Seymour, also at Wellesley. Jim used to kid me about that from time to time. He had a great sense of humor. I tried, without success, to get him to come to our Reunions. I wish I had succeeded.”



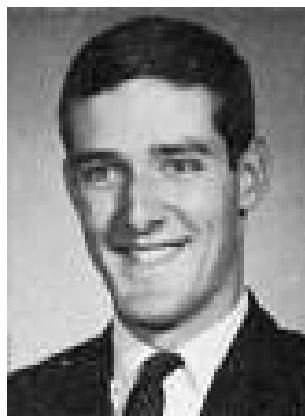
**Warren Hoge** died peacefully at home of pancreatic cancer on August 23, 2023. After being expelled from Exeter for gambling, Warren graduated from Trinity School in New York in 1959 and from Yale in 1963. After serving in the Army for six months in 1964, Warren attended graduate school at George Washington University while working as a reporter for the old Washington Star in 1964 and 1965, then became the New York Post’s Washington Bureau chief for four years. The New York Times hired Warren as a metro reporter in 1976.

By 1979 he became the bureau chief in Rio de Janeiro, followed by stints in Central America, New York, and London. By the time his journalism career was over Warren had reported from more than 80 countries. He became the Times’s foreign news editor in 1983, and assistant managing editor in 1987. After leaving the Times in 2008, Warren became vice president of external affairs at the International Peace Institute, and senior adviser in 2012. Warren is survived by his wife, Olivia Larisch Hoge, whom he married in Rio in 1981; his son Nicholas; his stepdaughters Christina Villax and Tatjana Leimer; and six step-grandchildren.

**Tony Elson** recalls: “Warren and I became friends through our involvement in singing organizations that spanned our time at Yale. Because of our participation in the Yale Glee Club tour of Latin America after our Sophomore Year, we developed a lifelong interest in that region (and Brazil in particular), which we fostered by taking a language learning course in Brazilian Portuguese in our Junior Year. Warren was a very gregarious person who loved to engage with his friends and associates discussing current events, politics, the arts and culture or just exchanging funny stories. He was also an avid, daily reader of the New York Times and knew well before graduation that he wanted to be a journalist. In his Senior Year, he took a course in the writing of ‘Daily Themes,’ in part to help develop



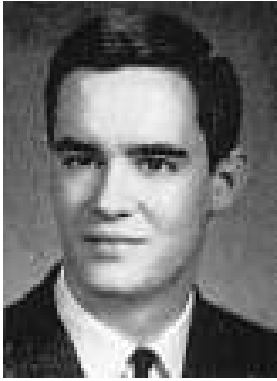
the discipline for daily reporting he would require as a journalist. Warren was truly a creature of New York City, having been born and raised there and spending most of his journalistic career at The Times' head office, except for two foreign correspondent assignments in Rio de Janeiro and London. Even during the final months of his life, burdened by cancer and the risk of Covid and dependent on a wheelchair, Warren managed to attend four performances of the Metropolitan Opera.” **Phil Stevens** recalls: “I knew Warren not only as a classmate, but because for several years he dated a close friend of mine! For me he always showed cheer and a warm smile.” **Gurney Williams** writes: “After more than 60 years singing with Warren closely in a semicircle facing hundreds of crowds, I can hear his effortless, smooth solo. And more than ever, I hear and remember his journalistic voice as an elegant editor and writer at the Times. Most of the time for the Whiffenpoofs of '63, it would have been hard for Warren to be heard individually. And that was good because he was a skillful middleman in the strong three-member baritone section. **Danny Rowland** and **Charley Sawyer** were crowd-pleasing soloists, quiet or loud. When baritones backed up with each other in chords, Warren melded them into a harmonic team, just as described in the last line of his *Times* obituary: ‘He’s ambitious, but he’s nice to people over and under him.’ More captivating than just nice, Warren often delivered impromptu talks in Danny’s farmhouse in South Londonderry, VT. He held the floor with small audiences of Whiffs and wives with a hint of sweet smoke from the large fireplace. Topics ranged from politics and worldwide news or what he had learned from the latest Secretary of Something the other day. But he was open to hear from anyone else. ‘That!’ he would say, meaning ‘I hear and understand you!’ Or ‘Yes! And I’ll tell you why . . . .’”



**Robert Victor Jensen** passed away peacefully on July 10, 2023. Bob graduated from Yale University in 1963 and obtained his law degree from the University of Washington School of Law in 1966. After law school, Bob joined the Peace Corps and was stationed in Ecuador from 1966 to 1968. That is where Bob met the love of his life, Maria Ines Vergara. Bob was an avid outdoorsman, and scaled most of the peaks in the Northwest, including Rainier, Adams, Baker, and Hood, and many in Ecuador, including

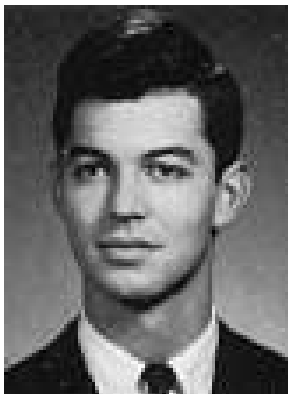
Chiimborazo and Cotopaxi. Bob was an early environmentalist, working tirelessly to protect the habitat he treasured. He was most proud of his work as an Assistant Attorney General for the State of Washington on behalf of the Department of Ecology, interpreting and enforcing the newly enacted Shoreline Management Act. He later served on the Shoreline Hearings Board and Pollution Control Hearings Board. Bob inspired everyone he met with his kindness, devotion, patience, and integrity. His warm smile and cheerful disposition brought joy to every occasion. Bob is survived by his wife; three children, Howard Fernando Jensen, Dorian Miguel Jensen, and Monica Cristina Jensen; 14 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**John Impert** recalls: "I met Bob in Pierson College our Sophomore Year. Bob was a friendly guy who planned to become a lawyer. In 1987, when I moved to Seattle, I reconnected with Bob, who worked in the capital, Olympia. Bob's most notorious case was defending the state legislature against an artist who had painted murals (the labors of Hercules) for the state capitol building. The artist objected when the state legislators voted to cover the murals because they hated the artist's modern style. Bob loyally defended his employer, the attorney general's office, while hating the position he was forced to articulate. Bob won the case, but he was surely happier when the murals found a new location at a state college." **Tom Rusling** writes: "Bob and I met late in Freshman Year, pitching a frisbee on the Old Campus. There was something about this guy that was endearing. A warm smile, an easygoing manner, and little in the way of confrontation, UNLESS he disagreed with your point of view. Bob had a kind heart and was always putting others' needs before his own. During college summers he operated 'Big Daddy's Fruitstand' and that must have been worth a visit. He created new words to 'St. James Infirmary,' to wit: 'Oh, I went down to Big Daddy's Fruitstand, to see what I could see . . .' Bob's dedication to helping others was borne out early with his joining the Peace Corps in lieu of military service. He was posted in Ecuador, where he met the love of his life, Maria. He pursued her doggedly, doing all the right things in the Ecuadorian culture to win his bride. Bob and Maria have been devoted Christians, and live their faith. I cannot remember Bob without a vivid image of his winning smile, which he showed often."



**Williamson (“Wick”) Murray** died on August 1, 2023 at a hospital in Fairfax, VA. Wick graduated in 1963 from Yale University with a history degree. He served in the Air Force until 1969, including a tour in Southeast Asia. Wick returned to Yale and earned a degree in military and diplomatic history in 1975. After teaching at Yale for two years, Wick became a professor of military and diplomatic history at Ohio State University from 1977 to 1995. He also taught at the Army War College, the Marine Corps University, and the Naval War College. Wick was a prolific author, writing studies of the American Civil War, World War II, the Iraq and Afghanistan conflicts, and many other topics., Wick is survived by his wife of 30 years, Lesley Smith; a son and daughter from a previous marriage; and five grandchildren.

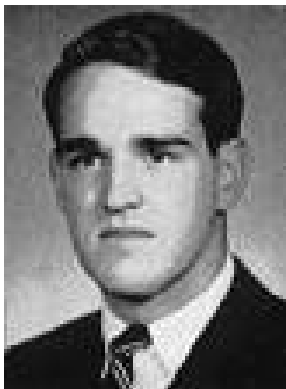
**Stan Riveles** writes: “We, and the country, have lost a unique asset. Wick and I were brought together at Reunions through our mutual interest in how policy and history complemented and clashed. We became friends and, eventually, professional colleagues at the Defense Department after my retirement from State. Chris and I occasionally visited him and Lee at his ancestral home in upstate NY, where he enjoyed talking while cooking sirloin steaks for visitors. We rarely talked shop, but always about the lessons of history and the limits of policy making. His energy and wit never flagged--always in the midst of preparing his next book.” **Guy Struve** recalls: “Wick had an enormous library, and his store of knowledge and insights was equally vast. Wick generously shared his knowledge of Civil War strategy and tactics by guiding classmates on tours of the battlefields of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Spotsylvania.”



**Alan Parker** passed away on August 8, 2023. Alan’s love of language and culture ignited following a summer in Germany as an American Field Service exchange student. He went on to study economics at Yale University where he was also a member of the Yale Russian Chorus. Singing with the chorus was a source of joy that continued throughout the rest of his life. After his M.A. in comparative economic systems at UC Berkeley, Alan joined the U.S. Department of State as a Foreign Service Officer. His career

included assignments in Sweden (where he met his wife of 55 years), Russia, India, East and West Germany, Romania, Israel, and the UN. Alan is survived by his wife, Ingegard Parker; his daughters Elisabeth Gomez and Carolyn Fowler; and six grandchildren.

**Mike Haltzel** reports: “As frequently happens, I got to know Alan better after we left Yale than while we were undergraduates. We both were involved in foreign policy, and our conversations usually revolved around some aspect of international affairs. Alan was unfailingly well informed and judicious in his judgments, all the while retaining a sense of humor and a twinkle in the eye. We last met at a D.C. area class luncheon at Mount Vernon shortly before Christmas 2022. Alan mentioned his chemotherapy but quickly segued to Nordic security (he was thrilled with Finland’s joining NATO) and U.S. collegiate athletics (he was dismissive of their corporate culture). What a fine guy. I’m grateful to have known him.” **Dick Moser** shares: “A handsome, quiet man, Alan was both self-effacing and self-confident. And Yale he quickly developed enthusiasm for the Russian language, Russian culture, and economics. He was active in the Yale Russian chorus, an organization which he supported and in which he participated for many years. Alan’s easygoing style could hide a driving curiosity and sharp intellect.” **Stan Riveles** remembers: “Alan and I occupied different corners of the State Department universe. But if he was not abroad, we would meet for lunch in the cafeteria to talk about the latest foreign policy cock-ups. Alan never lost his faith in the essential goodness of man and the best intentions of our policies, even if they came up short. He was always more ‘idealist’ than ‘realist’ in his approach to the daily work as a diplomat, and was always able to put himself in the other guy’s shoes. His wife Inge was the perfect complement to his optimistic outlook on the world.”



**George Duvall Tuttle** died on August 24, 2023, at his beloved farm in Sonoma County, CA. He graduated magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Yale University in 1963. George spent the next year abroad, mostly in Paris, and returned to attend Yale Law School, graduating in 1967. In the summer of 1965, he volunteered at a law firm in Bogalusa, Louisiana, representing Black citizens there who were denied state police protection in a shopping center, and winning for them in federal district court. He moved to

San Francisco in 1969 and began a successful 30-year corporate law practice at Brobeck, Phleger & Harrison, handling complex transactions and advising boards and CEOs of major companies. On sabbatical in 1989 he did volunteer work with Mother Teresa in the House of the Dying in Calcutta. He retired from Brobeck in 1997 but maintained an office there until the firm failed in 2003. George and his husband, Ben Cushman, became a couple in 1990 and took every step the law would allow to formalize their relationship: Domestic Partners in San Francisco in 1992, a Civil Union in Vermont in 2000, Domestic Partners in California in 2001, and, finally, married in 2008. They moved full time to The Farm in Sonoma in 2005. George died on the 15th anniversary of their marriage.

**Sharif Graham** writes: “I met George when we were both tapped for Elihu in 1962. When the 15 of us started assembling, we knew right away that George Tuttle would be our leader. He was just, well, presidential. After we graduated, I heard he became a lawyer and moved to California. I encountered him once on the street in Paris and we had lunch. Then came the zinger: an announcement that he was getting married, to a man! Although we got to know each other well during our year in Elihu, we evidently did not share such intimate details as our sexual orientation. Now of course everyone does, a great improvement. At subsequent reunions (50, 55, 60) George came with his marvelous husband Ben. I even visited them once at their splendid ranch in Sebastopol, CA. Although George's later years were not easy, having Ben at his side made all the difference. It was truly a joy to have known such a man, and I wish him bon voyage.” **Lea Pendleton** remembers: “George was one of a group of seven classmates, **Woody Woodroffe, Kip Clark, Tony Dater, Eben Ludlow, Pete Morris**, myself and George, who occupied two suites on the same floor of Silliman. Most of us were members of Zeta Psi fraternity. After graduation and his return from a year in Europe, George and I roomed together as freshman counselors in Bingham Hall while we attended Yale Law School. Later, George became the godfather of my first born son, Charlie, and in honor of that he sent Charlie a silver piggy bank from Gumps. Over the years, I had several wonderful visits to George and his husband Ben at The Farm in Sebastopol, CA, where they grew several acres of pinot noir grapes, which were bottled by a local vineyard, reputedly an excellent wine. George had an extremely inquiring mind, as well as a quick, wry sense of humor.”

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**Hugh Alexander Campbell,**

**Sr.** died on July 22, 2023 in Louisville, KY. Alex graduated in 1963 magna cum laude from Yale University, with an undergraduate degree in Politics and Economics, and in 1966 from Yale Law School. While at Yale, he received several academic and leadership awards, including election to Yale's chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, and he also served as Class Secretary for a time. In the eight years

after law school, Alex served as counsel to Kentucky Governor Edward T. "Ned" Breathitt, as Assistant Attorney General to Kentucky Attorney General John C. Breckinridge, and with Mr. Breathitt after his term as Governor in a Ford Foundation funded initiative addressing rural poverty in the United States. Then, for over 40 years, Alex practiced corporate and transactional law in the Louisville office of the multistate firm Wyatt, Tarrant & Combs LLP. A cradle Episcopalian, Alex served multiple terms as vestry member and Senior Warden in his family's parish and in appointive and elective roles connected with the Episcopal Diocese of Kentucky and related institutions. One of these important initiatives was chairing the search committee that resulted in the election of the Rt. Rev. Terry Allen White in 2010 as Bishop of the Diocese. Alex is survived by his beloved wife LaForrest Cody Campbell; their sons Peter Barnett Campbell and Hugh Alexander Campbell, Jr.; and one grandson, Hugh Alexander Campbell, III.

**LaForrest Campbell** writes: "Alex cherished his Yale and Yale Law School days. One of his fondest memories was the trip to France with his



classmates – an extraordinary trip to Normandy and Paris. He would have been so proud of what the Class accomplished at the 60th Reunion.”

**Dr. Thomas Michael Fake** passed away on June 2, 2023 at the Methodist Hospital in Omaha, NE. Tom attended Yale for one year, and finished his bachelor's degree at the University of Iowa. He went on to the University of Iowa College of Dentistry, graduating in 1968. Following his schooling, Dr. Tom opened his practice in Denison, IA, owning it for 43 years. He married Idamae Brandenburg in 1978. Dr. Tom and Idamae volunteered their time as missionaries and traveled to Africa and the Philippines, where he provided dental services to the less fortunate. He loved all sorts of fishing, especially fly fishing and bass fishing. In his younger years he also enjoyed golf and hunting. One of his favorite pastimes was reading, and he was an avid Iowa Hawkeyes fan. He is survived by his wife of over 44 years, Idamae Fake; his children, Randi White, Dani Fake, Robert Carmichael, Stephen Brandenburg, Diane Winey, and Debra Vosika; six grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren.

**Jim Little** recalls: "Tom and **Dick Cheney** were recruited as student athletes by a Yale alumnus in Casper, WY, and joined our Class in the Fall of 1959. As a Freshman, Tom was proud to be a left-handed quarterback on the undefeated 1959 Bullpups. However, coming from Wyoming to Yale was difficult for Tom and, although he made a number of friends at Yale, he never felt that he fit in. He preferred the great outdoors and hunting and fishing to the constraints of the intensely developed East Coast. Through our Berkeley group, we stayed in touch with Tom and his wife. He was a great guy with a wonderful sense of humor that we all enjoyed."



**Christopher H. Getman** died after a brief illness on July 9, 2023. His wife of 59 years, Toddie, was by his side. (Although Chris was a member of the Class of 1964, he was an important part of our Class too, and with the permission of the Class of 1964 we are remembering him here.) Chris lost his father in World War II when Chris was three. From that time on, the cultivation of meaningful relationships became a defining mission in his life. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a loyal friend, a joyful teacher, a community organizer, a generous philanthropist, a patron of the arts, a zealous – and somewhat wild – athlete, an energetic practical joker, a passionate server of good causes, and a relentless advocate for anyone who needed it. Although he had a reputation for mischief, he never strayed from his strong moral compass. He gave everyone the benefit of the doubt but was impatient of greed or cruelty. After graduating from The Hill School, Chris moved on to Yale University. Always grateful for the blessings in his life, Chris considered the opportunity to attend Yale among the greatest. After receiving his M.A. from Reed College and teaching at The Hotchkiss School for five years, Chris returned to New Haven in 1970 to work for the Yale Alumni Association and coach football and basketball. The move back to New Haven marked the beginning of a lifetime of dedication to both the University and its surrounding community. His many accomplishments and the organizations he served are too numerous to list, but the highlight reel includes the Elm/Ivy Award; the Yale Medal honoring outstanding voluntary service to the University; the Mory's Cup; and the G.H.W. Bush Lifetime Leadership Award. Chris also served as Chairman of the Alexis de Tocqueville

Society of The United Way and was the top fundraiser for the National Multiple Sclerosis Society for more than 30 years. Chris is survived by his wife Evelyn (Toddie); his daughters Sheila, Hilary, and Julia; and six grandchildren.

**Willie Dow** writes: "Chris made New Haven his adopted home. He directed his energies to countless projects affecting where he lived. He was the longest-serving member of the Board of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, a leader of the United Way, was involved in environmental projects and the Special Olympics. He was, we will all remember, one of the laboring oars in saving Mory's. And as the cherry on top of that sundae, for 30 years he kept and maintained several iterations of Handsome Dan. Not surprisingly, Chris was honored with the Elm/Ivy Award symbolizing efforts to strengthen relationships between the City and the University. Most of all, he was just an all-around good guy." **Ian Robertson** shares: "In 2019 I was sitting between Chris and Ben Balme at the Blue Leadership Ball. Ben mentioned that he had been granted an unplanned leave of absence in his Junior year. I said, 'Don't feel bad, Ben. I had two unplanned vacations.' Chris chimed in and said, 'I had four more than both of you together.' Both Chris and Ben were Blue Leadership Ball honorees. Just goes to show.

This May Chris abandoned his Rhode Island hospital bed to attend our football lunch prior to '63's 60th Reunion. We count him as one of our own even though he chose to affiliate with '64. A wonderful man."



**Philip Pechukas, Emeritus**

Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University, died on June 8, 2023 in Great Barrington, MA. Phil earned his Bachelor of Science degree from Yale in 1963 and his Ph.D. in Chemical Physics from the University of Chicago in 1966, and joined the Columbia faculty in 1968. He was a gifted theoretical chemist whose work in chemical reaction dynamics and quantum

chaos was deeply insightful and illuminating. Phil made a deep impact on Columbia through his service as Chair of the Chemistry Department during the design of a new building and was an extraordinary teacher and mentor to students. He was the recipient of many honors, including Fellow of the American Physical Society and the Humboldt Senior Scientist Award 1993-1994. Phil Pechukas was a unique individual, a gifted scientist and a talented writer with an ironic sense of humor. Phil suffered the painful loss of his two daughters, Fiona and Maria, who predeceased him. He is survived by his beloved longtime partner, Rachel Brier, a psychologist in Great Barrington; Rachel's family, Lauren, David, Hannah, and Jonah; his surviving children Sarah, Amy, and Rolf; and four grandchildren.

**Jim Baird** (no mean chemist himself) writes: "Theoretical chemistry has lost a towering figure." In a lighter vein, Jim adds: "During our Sophomore year, Phil, and the rest of us chemistry majors, took Chem. 32 Organic Chemistry. One of the toughest experiments in the lab involved the multistep synthesis of a special compound. At the end of the penultimate step, Phil had very little material left to work with. Before the lab, Phil had picked up his mail at Yale Station. On opening

a letter from his girlfriend, he found a love poem which she had composed. After reading it, Phil was at a loss for a creative way to respond. Then he had an idea! He tore a page out of his notebook and fished through his lab drawer for an eyedropper. Horrified, we all shouted, 'Phil, don't do it!' He ignored us. He extracted a couple of precious drops from his already depleted product and dribbled the liquid onto the notebook paper. The result was an indescribable greasy spot. He signed the page 'Love, Phil.' and put it in an envelope addressed to this girlfriend. The rest is history." **Dave Mawicke** writes: "Phil and I were classmates from Junior High School through Yale. Phil was an accomplished theoretical chemist, but most of his pride was about the accomplishments of his students. He beat me regularly in golf, which we played weekly until I could no longer play. Cooking was a passion of Phil's. The local butcher and greengrocer were friends of his, and he had an extensive culinary library. Always trying something new."





**Benno C. Schmidt, Jr. died**

peacefully in his sleep on July 9, 2023 in his home in Millbrook, NY. Benno studied History at Yale and, after graduating in 1963, went directly to Yale Law School, where he graduated in 1966 at the head of his class. After clerking for United States Chief Justice Earl Warren, Benno spent two years working for the United States Department of Justice, and then joined the

faculty of Columbia Law School. An expert in First Amendment law, Benno became Dean of Columbia Law School in 1984. Less than two years later, Benno was named as Yale's 20th President. In the words of *The New York Times*, "he was president there for six years, during which he fought with the faculty over painful but necessary budget cuts, changes that left many people bitter but the University better off in its finances and educational direction." Yale's current President, Peter Salovey, told *The Times*: "Benno was president during a really important transition for Yale. He helped push the university from being a college with strong professional schools into a university with outstanding professional schools and a college at its center." Benno left Yale in 1992 to become chief executive of Edison Schools. In 1998 Benno was put in charge of a rescue task force for the City University of New York. In 1999, Benno and his colleagues presented a plan to gut-renovate CUNY, and for the next 17 years, first as Vice Chairman and then as Chairman of the CUNY Board, he executed that vision. Benno served for many years on the Board of the Kauffman Foundation and the New-York Historical Society. He is survived by his wife, Anne McMillen; his son Benno C. Schmidt III; his daughters Elizabeth Hun Schmidt and Christina Whitney

Helburn; his stepdaughters Leah Redpath and Alexandra Toles; five grandchildren; and two step grandchildren.

**Beverly Gunther**, the widow of our classmate **Steve Gunther**, remembers: “Benno, **Dick Foster**, **Nathaniel Kingsbury**, and my beloved Steve all began their Yale journey in the Fall of 1959 on the Old Campus. These four classmates who became roommates were anchored by Trumbull College. In addition to serious study, they spent a good deal of time off playing hockey, darts, and pool. Steve would often say, ‘Benno recovers so well academically from these all-nighters. I do not.’ Females were allowed to visit for restricted weekend hours. Sunday midday dinner saw lots of women in the dining hall for a proper roast feast. Thus were the Trumbull years. I do not think that there was ever a Reunion that Steve and I missed. Each Reunion we had a tradition- dinner with Benno. What a blessing that we of Yale ’63 were together at the Reunion!” **Dick Foster** writes: “It was Noon in September 1959. I was taking my first NYC taxi ride. I was terrified. My co-passenger was Benno Schmidt, born and raised in NYC. He was chattering away as if we were having a nice lunch in a restaurant. Cars were whizzing by, brakes screeching, people in the walkway yelling at us, and Benno was talking about his class the day before with Harold Bloom. It was then I knew I was not in Chagrin Falls anymore. That was the day Benno became one of the most important mentors of my life. Benno was a rocket ship (and he had a rocket slap shot on the ice). He set the standard in my eyes; brilliant, wickedly witty, accomplished, and a very loyal friend.”

**see also:**

<https://news.yale.edu/2023/07/11/benno-c-schmidt-jr-yales-20th-president-and-renowned-legal-scholar>

### Classmates who have passed recently:

Jonathan Bogert	December 7, 2022
Elliott R. Bolsinger	November 3, 2022
Charles C. Cheney	February 3, 2023
William H. Frederick	March 2, 2023
Gregory E. Good Jr.	December 28, 2022
James Lilienthal	December 28, 2022
Richard Malone	December 18, 2022
William F. Moore	April 12, 2023
Kenneth Edward Porter	March 6, 2023
Stanton E. Samenow	May 8, 2023
Christopher F. Sheridan	March 6, 2023
Duward F. Sumner Jr.	January 15, 2023
David E. Winebrenner	March 28, 2023

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### Jonathan Bogert



*Died on December 7, 2022*

Jonathan ("Jon") Bogert of Savannah Lakes, SC died on December 7, 2022 at Self Regional Healthcare in Greenwood, SC.

Jon was a graduate of Yale University with a B.A. degree. He was a retired Certified Public Accountant in New York, having worked for Local 802 Musicians Union of New York as well as Price Waterhouse, Sterling Drug, and Baker Hughes, CPA. Jon had numerous interests. He loved playing golf and tennis. He enjoyed world news, crossword puzzles, lively conversation, and telling jokes. He and his lovely wife Elizabeth

loved to travel. They visited Switzerland, Japan, Argentina, and Britain, and their favorite place to visit was France. Jon was raised in the Methodist Church and was a member of St. Paul's in Englewood, NJ. More recently, Jon attended Trinity Episcopal Church in Abbeville, SC. Jon is survived by his wife of 26 years, Elizabeth Nebolsire Bogert; his children Laurie Fuller and David Bogert; his stepchildren Matthew Bodman, Philip Bodman, and Michael Bodman; and three grandchildren.

Jon's widow ***Elizabeth Bogert*** writes:

"I so enjoyed attending the last three Reunions with Jon. Here are some of the classmates and spouses I remember talking with: Mary Frances and Tom Bailey, Dixon Bogert, David Boren, Susan and Reve Carberry, Shirley and Ed Carlson, Margaret and Jim Courtright, Midge and Skip Eastman, Joyce and Tim Holme, Karen and Jon Larson, Emily and Bob Myers, and Ian Robertson. Jon and I danced to the great music and saw David Gergen and his wife dancing nearby – we all smiled at each other. Jon and I spent a few lovely weeks in Maine with the late Dr. Hugh Hunt and his wife Carol."

***Skip Eastman*** writes:

Jon Bogert and I, along with Bob Myers, were roommates on the top floor of Vanderbilt our Freshman Year. Jon was the New Jersey State Heavyweight Wrestling Champion and went on to captain several Yale wrestling teams. We didn't see much of Jon Freshman Year due to his dedication to wrestling, and when he was around, he was quiet and pretty much kept to himself while concentrating on his studies. All in all, Jon was an easy guy to room with, and we had lively chats about multiple topics. However, when we sensed he was in a bad mood (he'd growl at us when he was trying to lose weight to wrestle down a class), we knew it was time to disappear. Jon and I both headed to Calhoun our Sophomore year, where Jon roomed with Walt

Alexander. Later we both joined Phi Gamma Delta. We remained good friends throughout our years at Yale.

## Elliot R. Bolsinger



*Died on November 3, 2022*

Randy was in Saybrook and graduated with a Degree in Psychology.

He was a Systems Engineer with IBM's Computer Task Group, Poughkeepsie, NY.

He is survived by his former wife Barbara Anne O'Reilly, their children Sean-Kevin O'Reilly, Cara Mireille, Melody Lynnette, and Elaine Kirstin and their granddaughter Serrina A. Brown.

Randy's "Yale 63 at 55" Class Book contribution dated May 2018 reprinted here, is just as foretelling today as it was five years ago.

"If anyone, like me, still feels nostalgia for those "shortest, gladdest years of life", let's note that today's times bear a remarkable resemblance to our senior year:

We have an insular communist dictatorship threatening the U.S. with nuclear missiles.

We have an inexperienced U.S. president who many fear is not up to the job.

Happily, our "shortest, gladdest years" came to a peaceful conclusion, and we must hope that will continue to be true for every class yet to graduate. The Age of Anxiety will certainly outlast us all, but as our remaining years draw to a close, let us have the courage to be glad in all of them, long or short, "while life and voice shall last."

## Charles Clark Cheney



*Died on February 3, 2023*

Charles "Charlie" Clark Cheney, a Connecticut Yankee who delighted in wearing his Mexican *huarache* sandals, passed away on February 3, 2023, in Bethesda, MD, where he had resided since 1980.

Born in New Haven, CT, Charlie was a proud veteran of the U.S. Navy and member of the Yale Class of 1963. He also held degrees from the University of California-Berkeley, Universidad de Las Americas-Mexico City, and The Park School of Buffalo, with "time served" at The Taft School. A man who was not afraid of the written or spoken word, he was "born to talk" about most any subject and especially on topics touching history, politics, genealogy, the use of language, and anthropology.

A Cultural Anthropologist by formal education and professional dedication, Charlie was a humanist at heart who loved to "root for the underdog," and this was reflected in his work, volunteering, and spirit. Charlie is survived by his wife, Susan, his three sons, Lawton, Matthew, and Benjamin, and six grandchildren. A Celebration of Life will be held sometime in July 2023 in Bethesda, MD.

### *Stallworth Larson writes:*

"Charlie and I were first classmates at Taft. I was just getting to know him when his abrupt departure from Taft occurred. He liked to refer to it as his defenestration from Taft. The next I heard of him was when a fellow Taft classmate asked the Dean of Students at a school assembly, "Mr. Douglas, I hear that Charlie Cheney is going to Yale, is that true?" Mr. Douglas replied

emphatically that there was no way Charlie Cheney was going to get into Yale. Well, of course, he did. Legacies still trumped defenestrations then. It also didn't hurt, I am sure, that after arriving midway through his 11th grade year at his next school, Park School in Buffalo, which was rather more "progressive" than Taft and suited Charlie just fine, Charlie that spring was elected student president of the school. Charlie and I never roomed together and were in different colleges and fraternities at Yale. He joined Deke! Some may recall his athleticism (not). At Yale Charlie and I soon discovered that we had similar temptations, which led to several foreign trips together and then to an invitation to his wedding to his wife of 57 years, Susan Armstrong. This in turn led to my wife Juliette and I meeting with no assistance from Charlie or Susan beyond our invitations to their wedding. Juliette and Susan had been classmates at Northwestern and then roommates in New York City.

We are forever grateful to Charlie and Susan for enabling us to find such everlasting happiness. We and they were on different sides of the political spectrum, but neither of us on the extreme edges, and we enjoyed many happy visits and family get-togethers over the years with our two girls and Charlie and Susan's three boys, Lawton, Matt and Ben. We shall miss Charlie's bright wit and conversation. I think he was probably the most voracious reader I have known. As such, he was in good part an autodidact since his class attendance at Yale was not splendid. Charlie was a history major with major mathematical and scientific blind spots which dropped him out of Navy Officer Candidate School, which we entered together, but not from thereafter earning a Ph.D. in anthropology from Berkeley."

***Phil Stevens recounts:***

"Charlie was a good friend, fellow sometime Amherst, NY resident (graduate of Park School), and fellow anthropologist (Ph.D., UC Berkeley, 1972). He was beloved by members of the Washington Area Professional Anthropologists, of which he had been President and was a continual supporter; he was active in the venerable Society for Applied Anthropology; and he was instrumental in gaining Presidential status for my 2008 double panel on 'Anthropology, the Military, and War,' held at the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association in San Francisco in November 2008. At that session over 500 people heard ten anthropologists discuss the Army's controversial 'Human Terrain System,' which proposed to 'embed' anthropologists with front-line troops in Iraq and Afghanistan, to advise them on local customs in their thwarted efforts to 'win hearts and minds' (remember the old Vietnam slogan). My wife and I will fondly remember pleasant times with Charlie and Susan; and I will remember him as a cheerful and optimistic fellow."

***Bill Bell remembers:***

Charlie Cheney was a remarkable young feller, all the more so as the years passed. While he had his own room in what was then Calhoun, he was ever present – and always welcome—in our "The Castle" suite. And he boxed above his weight in contributing to the conversation and fun. For some reason he was frequently shirtless, to the point that an occasional alcoholic endeavor in The Castle was to "try to light Cheney's chest hair on fire."

Once liberated from Yale's confines, Charlie took off to the sky, intellectually. As a graduate student, writer, and teacher, he excelled. There were no limits to his curiosity and observations. I vividly remember at one reunion sitting with Charlie and his lovely spouse Susan beneath a tree on the crosswalk lawn leading down from Sterling

Library, drinking wine, and as the campus bells tolled we were, again “for some reason”, conversing in Spanish.

Charlie also became a wonderful spirit of Reunion friendship, making phone calls in advance encouraging attendance. Once gathered, he would then organize a Mory’s luncheon among our Calhoun crew. Spouses also looked forward to again catching up with Susan. And at every gathering, Charlie Cheney seemed to have gotten younger, such was his enthusiasm for life. News of his passing therefore comes a surprise, with sadness, but also gratitude for the blithe spirit which he brought to everything.

## William H. Frederick



*Died on March 2, 2023*

William “Bill” Hayward Frederick, age 81, died in Owls Head, Maine after a hard fought battle with a rare and aggressive form of cancer, neuroendocrine

which he spent the final months of his life eating lobster and watching lobster boats, seagulls, harbor porpoises, and the beautiful snowy winter weather along the coast in the state that he explored many times with his wife Muriel (Henderson) Frederick who preceded him in death in 2009.

The attributes that Bill will most likely be best remembered for are his love of food and his generous hospitality. A consummate world traveler and accomplished amateur chef, Bill would make a bee-line for a local market upon arrival in a new destination. He made a quick study of available ingredients and area cuisine before whipping up some scrumptious feast. He brought all of these experiences home much to the

delight of many a dinner guest in Athens, Ohio where he lived from 1973 until 2020. Born on 10 September 1941 in Massachusetts, Bill attended Noble and Greenough primary and secondary schools where he won awards in biology, chemistry, and essay writing, was active in the Drama Club (co-President) and French Club (Treasurer) and was Editor-in-Chief of *The Nobleman*.

Bill stayed in touch with many of his classmates who remember him fondly as a very clever and smart person with a great sense of humor and an infectious laugh... it's difficult to forget such a friend. Bill took an undergraduate degree at Yale while studying Southeast Asia under Harry J. Benda. Then before entering a PhD program Bill and Muriel moved to Kobe, Japan where he taught at the Canadian Academy while Muriel acted as dorm mother. Their daughter Anita was born while they were living in Japan. They went on to live in the Netherlands, Indonesia, and finally Hawaii. Once in Hawaii, Bill received his Ph.D. at the University of Hawaii at Manoa where he studied with Robert Van Niel and Walter Vella. From Hawaii, Bill and family moved to Athens, Ohio where he served as Foreign Student Advisor at Ohio University (OU) from 1973 to 1979, and taught at OU from 1973 until his retirement in 2010. His son Jason was born in Athens. During this time Bill received a Fulbright Scholarship to complete work at Gadjadara University in Yogyakarta, Central Java in the 77/78 and 78/79 academic years and he co-founded the national Southeast Asian Studies Summer Institute in 1983.

In addition to his tenure at OU Bill was also a teaching or research fellow in Washington, D.C., Japan, Australia, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Indonesia. Frederick is author of *Visions and Heat: The Making of the Indonesian Revolution*, co-author and co-editor of the *Encyclopedia of*



Indonesia in the Pacific War, co-author of The Encyclopedia Britannica entry on Southeast Asia, co-author and co-editor of the sixth edition of Indonesia: A Country Study and editor of Not Out of Hate: A Novel of Burma by Ma Ma Lay. Bill also authored more than 40 chapters, articles, edited works, translations, editorial essays, and the like. At the time of his death he was working with Harry Poeze, a senior researcher at KITLV in the Netherlands, preparing a two-volume collection of primary sources for Southeast Asian history, and a translation of Tan Malaka's last writings (1948-49). Bill is survived by his daughter Anita Hayward Frederick of Owls Head, Maine, his son Jason Wyatt Frederick and daughter-in-law, Maria Frederick of Lakewood, Ohio, and his grandsons Gian and Simon Frederick, also of Lakewood, Ohio.

## Gregory E. Good Jr.



*Died on December 28, 2022*

### *John Impert remembers:*

Greg was one of several Dallas high school graduates in our class. I made his acquaintance in a freshman French class. Later, Greg was one of ten Yalies in the Junior Year in France program. Before settling in Paris, the one hundred student group spent six weeks in Tours for intensive French lessons. Greg and I cycled one long weekend day to visit royal chateaux in the Loire Valley, Greg riding a regular bike, while I had a used Velo Solex, a cycle that had a small

motor perched over the front wheel that the rider engaged (to start the engine) once he began to pedal. After graduation, Greg was one of a large group of classmates who enrolled in Harvard Law School, where Greg met his first wife, a Syracuse University graduate. Greg later migrated from law to public affairs, and was Texaco's spokesperson for the complex securities lawsuit that involved Texaco, Getty, and Pennzoil in 1995. Greg then moved to Paris, where he counseled clients on issues involving American law.

### *Bob Dickie remembers...*

Greg and I got to know each other senior year. He was one of the best listeners I have ever met in my life. He would hear what was said with all the nuances, and he would hear what was not said, and understand it all. Then he would respond thoughtfully, insightfully, constructively, and generously.

His emotional intelligence was matched by his raw intelligence. They came together in an ebullient, creative, penetrating, and often hilarious bundle of mental and physical energy that was a joy to be around.

Greg went on to Harvard Law School, married "the coolest girl" he met at a wedding, became a judge in a small town north of New York City, and was in-house lawyer at Texaco. He had wonderful tales to tell about all that. Then he followed his passion for Paris and about 25 years ago decamped for there. He had developed that passion during his junior year in Paris, and it never left him. He took up acting with the same intensity with which he tackled everything.

Sadly, he and his wife had parted company some years back, but for the past 15 years or so, he was very happy in his relationship with his French woman friend, Michelle, and he had great love for his daughter Jennifer. Count me among those who will miss Greg and think of him often. He

was a gift to the world, and we were fortunate to be his friends and classmates.

***Thomas Hartch remembers:***

Greg Good was one of my best friends at Yale. He had prepared for Yale at a large Texas high school where he was a class officer. Greg had an excellent sense of humor, a lot of brain power and an ability to positively interact with a wide spectrum of classmates.

After college Greg matriculated at Harvard Law School. In the summer following second year, he married the beautiful and talented Mary Balet in Pelham, New York. The next year he served as a groomsman in Gale's and my wedding. Upon graduation, Greg had a wide range of high profile employment opportunities. Subsequent to checking out a couple of the possibilities, he showed his independent streak as he and Mary moved to a sparsely inhabited town in Orange County, New York. Their daughter, Jennifer, was born and Greg ran a small business and became a judge. To put this in perspective, the time frame was a very few years out of law school and I was working away as a lowly associate in a medium sized law firm while someone in my peer group had already become a judge. I was impressed.

For Greg, one of the most defining events in his undergraduate life was spending junior year in France. It left him with such a favorable impression that about 30 years ago he moved to Paris where he practiced law and, in his later years pursued his interest in the theater. He was a unique individual and will be deeply missed.

***Nash Gubelman remembers:***

Greg and I met in our freshman year shortly after arriving in New Haven. We were both enrolled in the remarkable Directed Studies Program. He was a long way from his home in Texas so I invited him to come home for Thanksgiving with me in Goshen Connecticut which was only an hour

away. We became good friends and he came up often during that first year. In later school years and afterwards we would connect and see each other occasionally while he was working in New York. However, it wasn't until many years later when Greg had transformed himself from lawyer to actor and was living in Paris, and I had crazily bought a French chateau that we really reconnected. By that time Greg was living in a classic beautifully detailed 19th century apartment at the end of a cul-de-sac in the coveted Marais District, 10 minutes walk from Notre Dame. He spoke fluent French and had found Michelle, a beautiful French partner with whom he spent many years at the end of his life. Greg was a lovely man and it's hard for me to think of Paris without him.

## James Robert Lilienthal



*Died on December 28, 2022*

James Robert ("Jim") Lilienthal died peacefully on December 28, 2022 in his home city, San Francisco, under comfort care after a 14-month battle with cancer.

Jim spent four years at Yale University and later graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Berkeley. Jim was an inveterate world traveler, writer, and photographer for most of his life. He spent a nine- year period traveling on a shoestring budget the length and breadth of Mexico, Central America, and South America – after a similar long period in Eurasia during which he developed a special relationship with Russian citizen Luda Pryakhina and, later, a friendship with her granddaughter Nina. He was a true adventurer, robbed at machete-point in Venezuela, sleeping



on dirt floors in rural villages, riding local buses on terrifying Andes mountain roads with squalling children and chicken crates almost in his lap. He and a stranger (who became a fast friend) bounced along in the open back of a cargo truck across the remote Bolivian altiplano with local campesinos one day to experience a Tinku ceremony. As a final reward to him by the Fates, he completed a rich, extraordinarily photographed, deliciously described travel throughout Sicily and Calabria, returning to San Francisco just one day before his final illness set in. Jim never felt more at home than when he was embracing another culture, whether or not he spoke the local language.

His prolific, although unpublished travel writings, were, like Anthony Bourdain's, more than just a travelogue; they expressed his emotional and analytical musings on the cultures he was communing with. His folk-art collection, writings, and superbly composed, superbly atmospheric travel photographs survive him.

In part because of those travels and his participation in World Affairs Council activities, he was remarkably knowledgeable and astute about international society, policy, and politics. When in the Bay Area, he frequently attended the San Francisco Symphony, Opera, and many other artistic and folkloric events. For seven years during his mother's final decline, he gave up travels and remained in San Francisco to play a major role in her medical care, welfare, and household. Jim is survived by his brother Peter Lilienthal, his niece Ann Moniot Lilienthal, and other extended family.

*Jim Courtright remembers:*

"Jim Lilienthal was my Freshman Year roommate; he went to Pierson and I to Calhoun. We met up again at our 55th Reunion and he had a fantastic time. He told me that he had spent the last 50 years traveling widely to many countries

especially South America and getting to meet persons from other cultures. After June 2018, he and I started emailing one another on a variety of topics, ranging from the political scene in Wisconsin to his recent sharing of many photographs of Sicilian villages in late summer 2022. His last email last Fall contained a bit of good news and some shared humor; he said there was also some bad news he would tell us about later. He never sent the bad news but I knew what he had learned."

*Jon Larson writes:*

"Jim was truly a gentle soul. He possessed a never-ending intellectual curiosity. I never heard him express words of anger or deceit even though his innate shyness certainly made it more difficult for him to engage openly one on one. Karen and I enjoyed seeing his sweet smile and the twinkle in his eyes. Jim had two great passions in life, the World Affairs Council of San Francisco and global travel.

Jim was a very active member and sponsor of many of the events of the Bay Area Global Policy Forum, which explores political, economic, security, and environmental policy and practices through more than 100 moderated conversations every year which are open to members and the public. Jim worked hard to give audience members the chance to ask their questions to the speaker directly and gain insights they might not get elsewhere.

Jim was a tireless traveler and loved to be on the road. Jim joined us for several of the Yale 1963 get-togethers over the years. He was going to join us in May for the Yale 1963 San Francisco Gathering but he had to withdraw because he was battling the cancer that was taking him down."

## Richard J. Malone



*Died on December 18, 2022*

Richard J. ("Dick")  
Malone passed away on  
December 18, 2022 at  
Mercy Health-St.  
Elizabeth Main Hospital,  
Youngstown, OH.

graduate of Niles McKinley High School and a 1963 graduate of Yale University. Mr. Malone was employed initially by J & L Steel, followed the progression of the company through LTV and WCI, and retired from RG Steel as the Chief Industrial Engineer after more than 47 years of service to the companies. Mr. Malone was a staunch supporter of Liberty Township athletics and a member of the Liberty School Board. He was the past President and Treasurer of the Liberty Township Baseball Association and even coached baseball. He loved his trips to Avalon, NJ with his family. Madison on the Lake was also a special place for him and his family. He was a passionate Ohio State and Cleveland sports fan and loved watching his kids and grandkids in sporting events. Mr. Malone is survived by his wife of 54 years, the former Patricia McNamara; his sons Richard Malone, Vice President of Information Technology at Graphics Packaging, and David Malone, a high school principal in Niles, OH; and six grandchildren.

### *Skip Eastman remembers:*

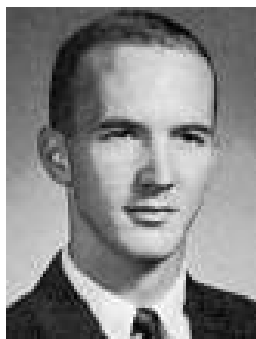
"I met Dick Malone our Freshman Year at Yale when we both lived in Vanderbilt. We remained good friends throughout our college years, although Dick moved to Saybrook while I went to Calhoun. We both joined Phi Gamma Delta where Dick was the House Chairman. He was a fun-loving guy with a dry wit. Dick was not always the life of the party, but rose to the

occasion when the alcohol was flowing freely. Dick was a groomsman in my wedding, and I in his. My wife, Midge, and I got together with Dick and his wife, Patty, at Class Reunions and visits to Dick's homes in Girard and Niles, OH and vacation home on Lake Erie, as well as our homes in NJ and MD. One year we rented a vacation home together in Avalon, N.J. near Joe and Frankie Lastowka's summer home. I have a fond memory of taking Dick's youngest son, David, fishing when he caught his first fish (5" long). Dick was a good friend, and we remained so until his death."

### *Joe Lastowka writes:*

"In spite of the distance between Dick's Ohio home and mine near Philadelphia, I had a closer relationship to Dick Malone and his family for the past 60 years than with any other classmate. The bond between us began at Saybrook when we played intra-college basketball, together with his roommate Doc LeHew, and at Phi Gamma Delta where the three of us were brothers. It reached into our families after my wife Frankie and Dick's wife Pat first met at our fifth Reunion, and continued with our children as the Malones vacationed many years, including last summer, in Avalon, NJ where we've had a summer home for 50 years. Dick was deeply committed to serving his community as a youth sports coach and school board director. His biggest disappointment was the decline of the American steel industry where he worked from graduation until retirement. He had great pride in the accomplishments of his sons Rick and David, and his grandchildren. We often laughed about the Yale weekend I matched Dick up with a beautiful girl who was my first grade classmate. I married her a year after our Yale graduation, my wonderful wife Frankie of 58 years, who died shortly before Thanksgiving last year, only a month before Dick's death. The year 2022 ended with profound sadness."

## William F. Moore



*Died on April 12, 2023*

### **Bill Kramer remembers:**

Bill and I were both from Dallas when we entered Yale as good friends. We always found each other at the reunions and discussed what each of us

were doing with our lives at the time. Since he settled in New Haven, we lost touch some, but not much. We were both interested in architecture as a career, but after I saw some of Bill's drawings in one of the classes we attended together, I knew I did not have the talent needed for that profession and switched to an economics major. Bill always had a smile on his face when we met; I was always glad to see him.

### **Ed Dennis remembers:**

Bill Moore was a wonderful, warm human being who had great loyalty to YALE, in addition to superb talent and skill as an architect.

## Kenneth Edward Porter



*Died on March 5, 2023*

Kenneth Edward Porter passed away quietly at the age of 82 in Redwood City on Sunday, March 5, 2023, after a long struggle with dementia. His family and several

visited him in his final days, and he was surrounded by the love and support of his three children until shortly before he took his last breath.

Born in Indianapolis on December 25, 1940, Ken made a group of lifelong friends there, including Sally, who would become his wife of 55 years. In 1963 he graduated from Yale University, where he majored in English, lived in Timothy Dwight College, and served as editor of the Yale Daily News; he went on to organize and participate in countless alumni functions and fundraising activities throughout his life to show his love for Yale. After college, he and Sally married and moved to the Bay Area, where he completed a law degree at U.C. Berkeley. The two of them then joined the Peace Corps, working on the island of Saipan from 1967 to 1968, an indelible experience that expanded their horizons as well as their circle of close friends.

Upon their return to the Bay Area, Ken worked for more than four decades in insurance sales and financial consulting, but his real focus was always on his family and friends. He was a devoted husband who loved being a father. Brilliantly smart, endlessly patient and kind, he was always quick with a funny remark, his dry, sardonic wit and eagerness to make people laugh in any situation made everyone who met him love him right away.

He and Sally enjoyed traveling in the U.S. and abroad, with their kids, with friends, or on their own; playing cards and games; hosting dinner parties and holiday gatherings; reading and going to the movies; and attending concerts by their favorite folk, country, and other artists. In his later years he was thrilled to become a doting grandfather to Claudia, Kenzie, and Madeline, who called him "Ganghee."

Ken is survived by his younger sister, Barbara; his three children, Ted, Daniel, and Amy; and his three granddaughters. He -will be loved and dearly missed always.

Donations in Ken's name are encouraged to be made to Mission Hospice and Home Care, Yale University, or the Alzheimer's Association.

*Ken's children remember:*

Our dad took his last breath at 9:28pm last night, March 5th, 2023. We were with him until a little after 8pm, talking to him, holding his hand and playing his favorite folk songs of the 60s.

The attending nurse said he had a smile on his face afterward, and we noticed it, too. I like to think that he is smiling because he is finally free and at peace. The nurses said a blessing and a prayer once we arrived.

We are extremely saddened to lose our dad, but it is a blessing that he is no longer struggling from dementia and can finally be at peace.

Thank you all for the love and support of both of our parents and for being a constant in our lives.

Best to you all, Amy, Daniel and Ted

*Jon Larson remembers:*

Ken was another of those gems in the diamond mine during our four years in New Haven. Although I built and operated comfortably within my own vertical stovepipe of rich associations including engineering studies, roommates, Calhoun, Beta, Mace and Chain and intramural crew, I failed to continue to reach out further, ("drill and mine") for more associations with other organization and classmate gemstones as Ken. It was not until our 25<sup>th</sup> reunion that I started to become aware of what I had missed, and it was not until around our 40<sup>th</sup> that I first met Ken through our San Francisco Bay Area classmates and activities. He organized and sought out my participation in a number of activities designed to keep us '63 Alumni together. He was the co-president of the Bay

Area Yale 1963 Club that sought out interesting speakers and programs for us on a monthly basis throughout the year ranging from the former U.S. Ambassador to France Howard Leach (Yale '52) to world class scientists at UC dealing with diabetes treatments and other leading edge sciences.

Ken was a regular at our Yale/Harvard football games every year. He co-organized the Yale 1963 mini-reunion activities held here in San Francisco. A world class funds raiser, it was impossible to ignore his appeals for money and assistance raising money for Yale and Yale '63.

Ken always had a proverbial sparkle in his eyes and he loved to kid his good friends. He had a great sense of humor he shared with us. He ran his own insurance business, carried out his Dad and Grandpa responsibilities in the Porter family, and did his duties in neighborhood organizations including his church. Ken had one woman in his life, his beloved Sally, and they were an item, pledged to only each other from high school on to the end when we lost her unexpectedly and prematurely from a sudden onset of cancer. He soldiered on the best he could, relying more and more upon his three children to take over and help him manage his diminishing life skills right through to the end.

It was difficult in recent years watching the dementia slowly take the luster off that sparkling wit and experiencing his outgoing personality receding over the recent years he was afflicted. Well loved by all who knew him and generous to the end, Ken is one of those unique individuals who will remain in the heads and hearts of the many who knew him. His family reported to us he passed with a smile on his face, no doubt he knew he would soon be rejoining his beloved life partner Sally again and getting the place sorted out anticipating the arrival of the rest of us, and sharpening up his rapier wit to keep us entertained when the rest of us finally get there.

***Fred Pritzker remembers:***

When I first met Ken we were assignees as roommates in 384 Wright Hall along with Bill Bassin. It was clear to me that our common interests would allow us to click. We both were dating our future wives, we both loved English Literature, philosophy and politics and various sports. But what stood out most was Ken's unique and constant sense of humor. He had developed his own language which allowed him to pepper his speech with words like "grodner", "frogritz" and "hoaggy". When it was time for bed Ken would often coax us to the stairwell for his version of the "384 cheer". We joined 4 others for our next 3 years at Timothy Dwight. Many of us married our Yale dates which further cemented our lifelong bonds - travelling together, visiting each other and later meeting by Zoom. I will miss him dearly.

***Ron Allison remembers:***

Ken was a generous supporter of Yale education and especially the Yale Class of '63. He served as a fund raiser for our class gifts in Northern California. Events at his picturesque hillside home in Lafayette near Mt. Diablo brought us together to enjoy each other's company and to encourage donations. Ken's enthusiasm for our class and fellow classmates will be missed.

***Joe Wood*** remembers: Those who knew Ken Porter at Yale and at Yale Class meetings after graduation will know what I mean when I say Ken was a funny guy, a devoted supporter of Yale, a passionate Democrat and a loving husband to his dear wife Sally. But there are some other qualities of Ken which are perhaps not so well known. After Yale Ken and Sally signed up as Peace Corp volunteers in Micronesia. The choice reflected the idealism of the Kennedy era, but it was also a way for Ken to provide practical help to people who needed it. After law school in California Ken never was tempted by a career in law. He chose insurance instead. I liked to kid him about the less than stellar returns embedded in some whole life insurance policies, but to Ken insurance was not a financial choice. He saw it as a crucial source of protection if and when things went badly wrong. He knew cases where that had happened and he was proud to think that he was

helping people avoid such awful outcomes. As a passionate progressive in politics Ken wasn't content to just heap scorn on the other side - though he did do some of that. He actually liked canvassing at election time, going door to door, making a small but intensely practical difference. The common theme to all of these endeavors was simple: do what you can to make a positive difference in the lives of others. And be humorous as you do it!

***Pennell Rock*** remembers: Ken Porter, my friend with a kind soul and a smart sense of irony. I did not know him as an undergraduate, but we became friends as fellow alumni in San Francisco. He was very devoted to Yale, and after retiring had a great life with his wife Sally, his life-long love, organizing many events to bring San Francisco '63 folks together. I was very sad to hear of his decline with Alzheimer's, which with the death of his wife, seemed to decline even more precipitously.

***Jim Courtright*** remembers:

I did not know Ken Porter until he recruited me to be one of the several Class Agents for the YAF in about 1994. Over the years, we had many pleasant and often humorous email exchanges, both about life in general and about writing effective appeals to likely donors. His phone calls often came in late spring with just one more short list of classmates to contact before the end of the campaign year. He truly cared about the Class and about Yale and took pride in the dollar amount raised and in the solid participation percentage achieved. His tireless efforts resulted in recognition by the YAF, for which he received the Chair's Award on behalf of the Class. He made me and many others feel as if we had been good friends ever since our Yale beginnings. All of us who knew him were saddened by his change in health and will savor for years to come those many moments from our joint past.



## Stanton E. Samenow



Died on My 8,2023

Stanton E. Samenow died on May 8, 2023 of complications from leukemia in a hospital in Fairfax County, VA. Dr. Samenow devoted decades of his career to

the study and rehabilitation of criminal offenders, beginning in 1970 with his work alongside Samuel Yochelson, a psychiatrist who oversaw a years-long study of patients at St. Elizabeths psychiatric hospital in Washington, D.C. At that time, psychologists generally agreed that many if not most criminal offenders had mental disturbances which could be treated through psychotherapy. That approach, Yochelson and Dr. Samenow came to believe, was profoundly flawed. Yochelson and Dr. Samenow compiled their findings in a work titled *The Criminal Personality*, published in three volumes from 1976 to 1986. Dr. Samenow also wrote *Inside the Criminal Mind*, a book geared more toward a popular readership and first published in 1984. Dr. Samenow and Yochelson identified more than 50 “errors in thinking” that lead criminals to see the world as “a chessboard, with other people serving as pawns to gratify their desires.” “Criminals cause crime – not bad neighborhoods, inadequate parents, television, schools, drugs, or unemployment. Crime resides within the minds of human beings and is not caused by social conditions,” Dr. Samenow wrote in *Inside the Criminal Mind*. Dr. Samenow formulated intensive counseling techniques used in prisons to help offenders avoid recidivism by breaking away from those “errors in

thinking.” At the core of the approach was acceptance of individual responsibility. Dr. Samenow, who left St. Elizabeths in 1978 to pursue a private practice in northern Virginia, frequently testified in court, mainly as a prosecution witness, in cases involving the insanity defense. Dr. Samenow received a bachelor’s degree in psychology from Yale University in 1963 before pursuing graduate studies in psychology at the University of Michigan, where he received a master’s degree in 1964 and a doctorate in 1968. He is survived by his wife of 52 years, the former Dorothy Kellman, two sons, Charles and Jason Samenow, and two grandchildren.

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## Christopher Frank Sheridan



*Died on September 15, 2020*

Christopher F. Sheridan died peacefully at home on September 15, 2020.

He is survived by his companion, Phyllis Vinci; his sons, Chris D. (Maureen)

& Jeremy A. (Amy); and grandchildren, Alyx, Tucker & Jax. He is preceded in death by his parents, and brother.

Chris was born in NY on March 21, 1942. He graduated from Yale (1963) and entered Naval Officer Candidate School. He returned to Yale for an MA in City Planning, graduating first in class (1969) & earning the Parsons medal.

Chris married Claire Effinger in 1965 and had two sons (div. 1979). Chris had a fruitful & diverse career in Project Planning, Community & Economic Development, first in DC, then Dover & Portsmouth, NH. He co-owned Coastal Shores Real Estate (NH) until 1990. His work as a realtor/investor took him to Florida then Tucson, where he met his love, Phyllis, in 2005. Chris was passionate about tennis, hiking, traveling, & photography.

Friends will most remember his sharp wit & ready jokes. His sons remember him as a supportive and engaged father who strongly encouraged them to pursue their goals. Most of all, he will be remembered for the deep love he held for Phyllis, his family, & friends.

## Duward Franklin Sumner Jr.



*Died on January 15, 2023*

Duward Franklin Sumner, Jr., 81, left this world to join the love of his life, his partner of 54 years, James Earl Dice.

Duward passed away on January 15, 2023 in Arlington, VA, as a result of a stroke. He was soon joined by his sister Sharon Willey, on February 5, 2023. He is survived by his sisters Linda Elwood (Judd) and Selma Sue Simpkins. He is also survived by cousin Sandy Mathews, Sister-in-law Linda Kagy and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by parents Duward Franklin Sumner and Bennie Marjorie Sumner Kagy and stepfather J.B. Kagy.

Duward was born on June 29, 1941 and grew up in Dallas, Texas. He graduated from Woodrow Wilson High School in 1959 and Yale University in 1963. After serving several years in the U.S. Navy, Duward and Jim traveled the world together while living in San Francisco, Pompono Beach, Florida and Washington D.C. Duward was a member of theatrical organizations in both San Francisco and the Washington D.C. area and was a member of Actors Equity Association. In addition, he was a founding member of the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington D.C. Duward worked in the insurance industry (what performers call "your day job") for years as vice president of the National Professional Insurance Agents of America and later for the U.S. Merit Systems Protection Board.

### *Tom Stempel remembers:*

Duward Sumner and I had the good fortune to both be assigned to Jonathan Edwards College in our sophomore year. JE had and still has a long history of arts activity, as the Master at our time



Beekman Cannon wrote in a small book entitled *Music & the Performing Arts in Jonathan Edwards College*. Both Duward and I were interested in theatre, and the college had The Gilbert & Sullivan Society, which put on musicals. I was also involved in the larger Yale Drama Association, but Duward stuck to the G&S. I think he figured, rightly, that he could get bigger and better roles at JE than at the YDA. At the end of our sophomore year he played the lead in Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*. Since there were not yet any women undergraduates, we had to search far and wide for women to appear in our shows.

We ended up doing three productions our senior year. The first was a revue for Princeton weekend. A second production was a real off-the-wall choice. It was not a musical, but Cyril Tourneur's 1606 Jacobean *The Revenger's Tragedy*.

And then we went our ways, not altogether separately. I went into the Navy and married Kerstin in 1964. We had 53 great years together before she passed away in 2018. Duward joined the Navy and after his discharge he got back into acting, appearing in both Equity and non-Equity shows. In 1969 he moved to Washington D.C. and while working in the insurance business managed to appear on stage, in educational and industrial films, and in occasional feature films.

In 1975 Kerstin and I were in Washington and we visited Duward. When we walked into his apartment and looked at the décor, I knew at once what I had not known before. He was gay. The reason he ended up in Washington was he had met Jim Dice in San Francisco. Jim was a dentist in the Navy. They were together over forty years. Jim died a year ago.

## David E. Winebrenner, IV



*Died on March 28, 2023*

David Edwin Winebrenner, IV of Naples, FL, formerly of Darien, CT, died on Tuesday, March 28.

Dave was born in Hanover, PA, on September 13, 1940,

to Betsy and David (Ned) Winebrenner. He graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, MA and Yale University in 1963. After graduation, Dave served in the US Navy on the U.S.S. Alamo, a troop transport ship operating in the South China Sea at the onset of the Vietnamese War.

In 1966, Dave married Elizabeth Cooper. They first lived in Michigan and then moved to Wallingford, PA where Dave received his MBA from Drexel and their three children were born. Dave and Liz then moved to Darien, CT where he was active in the children's soccer program, Babe Ruth League, St. Luke's Parish and the Kiwanis Club. A lover of playing music, especially the guitar, Dave played in two old time rock and roll bands, The Retreads and Elmo Kelsey.

The majority of his business life was spent in the field of insurance. Upon retiring, Dave and Liz moved to Naples where Dave was an active volunteer for the Naples Therapeutic Riding Center, serving for a number of years on its Board. He loved his time with the horses and students.

Most of all, Dave loved spending time with his family and grandchildren. Summering at Lake Geneva, WI was a highlight as he was able to gather with his children and their families and spend quiet time on the water.

Dave is survived by his wife of 57 years, a son and daughter-in-law, Dewey and Anne Winebrenner of Lake Forest, IL, another son and daughter-in-law, Andy and Wesley Winebrenner of Vestavia

Hills, AL, and a daughter and son-in-law, Catie and Paul Jacobsen of Winnetka, IL and nine grandchildren, Meg, Ellie, Bobby, Nick and Ben Winebrenner of Lake Forest, Seve Winebrenner of Vestavia Hills, and Cooper, Will and Teddy Jacobsen of Winnetka. He is also survived by two sisters, Elizabeth Fawcett of Abbottstown, PA and Kris Ratliff of Tucson, AZ. He was predeceased by his brother, John.

A memorial service will be held at a later date in Darien. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in his name to the Naples Therapeutic Riding Center.

Dave loved the sea, he loved the beach, he loved his grandchildren. It is fitting that he spent his last moments enjoying all three.

***Jon Larson remembers:***

Dave lived in "The Castle" with six others of us, a special block of five rooms reserved for seniors in Calhoun (Hopper) College that he shared with roommates Eric Schultz, Bill Robbins, Juan Rodriguez, Rusty Hale, Bill Bell and myself.

At our 50<sup>th</sup> reunion he shared the following wisdom he had gleaned from his 50 years after Yale in the military service, an extensive career in insurance, coaching young people in sports, volunteer work supporting Yale, and being the proud patriarch to his large family which was the true source of so much enjoyment in his life.

- 1 Keeping a positive attitude is essential.
- 2 Find out what you enjoy doing the most and then it is not work anymore.
- 3 Save 10% of everything you earn and invest it wisely.

The unexpected suddenness of his passing so close to our 60<sup>th</sup> Reunion (he fully intended to join us) is another reminder to each of us to value the remaining time we have to enjoy each other, the blessings of our loved ones, and the Earth's bounty around us with the measure of time we have left.

***Bill Bell remembers:***

I can't remember Dave without a smile, or at least the sneaky beginning of a smile, on his face.

Dave simply loved just about every minute of what he was up to, from the camaraderie of managing Yale's football team to tuning up his guitar. He took an interest in what each of us senior year "suitemates" in "The Castle" were doing, constantly wished us well in everything, and took on responsibilities such as supplying a case of "mixer" for drinks (from his family-owned "PM Juice" plant in Gettysburg, PA) and collecting everyone's share of the monthly phone bill.

And did he love Rock and Roll! His summer prior to senior year had been as a member of a group—I think they called themselves the "Red Jackets"—made up of Yale and other collegians and playing the raucous joints on the shores of Lake George NY. Dave and my last hour on campus as Yale seniors, following the commencement ceremonies and then the distribution of diplomas back in the college courtyard, was spent, amidst packing, in Dave's room. He hooked up his speaker and echo chamber, fired up his guitar, and we belted out some favorites. Best way to end it!

But it didn't end there—Dave and his gang played at one of our YC '63 reunions. Abandoning his collegiate crew cut, he came to reunions looking more and more distinguished. I was again looking forward to his mischievous smile at our 60<sup>th</sup>, but the sadness of his absence is tempered by the knowledge that he left us with his life so well lived.

End of our Remembrances of Classmates  
who have passed on.

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